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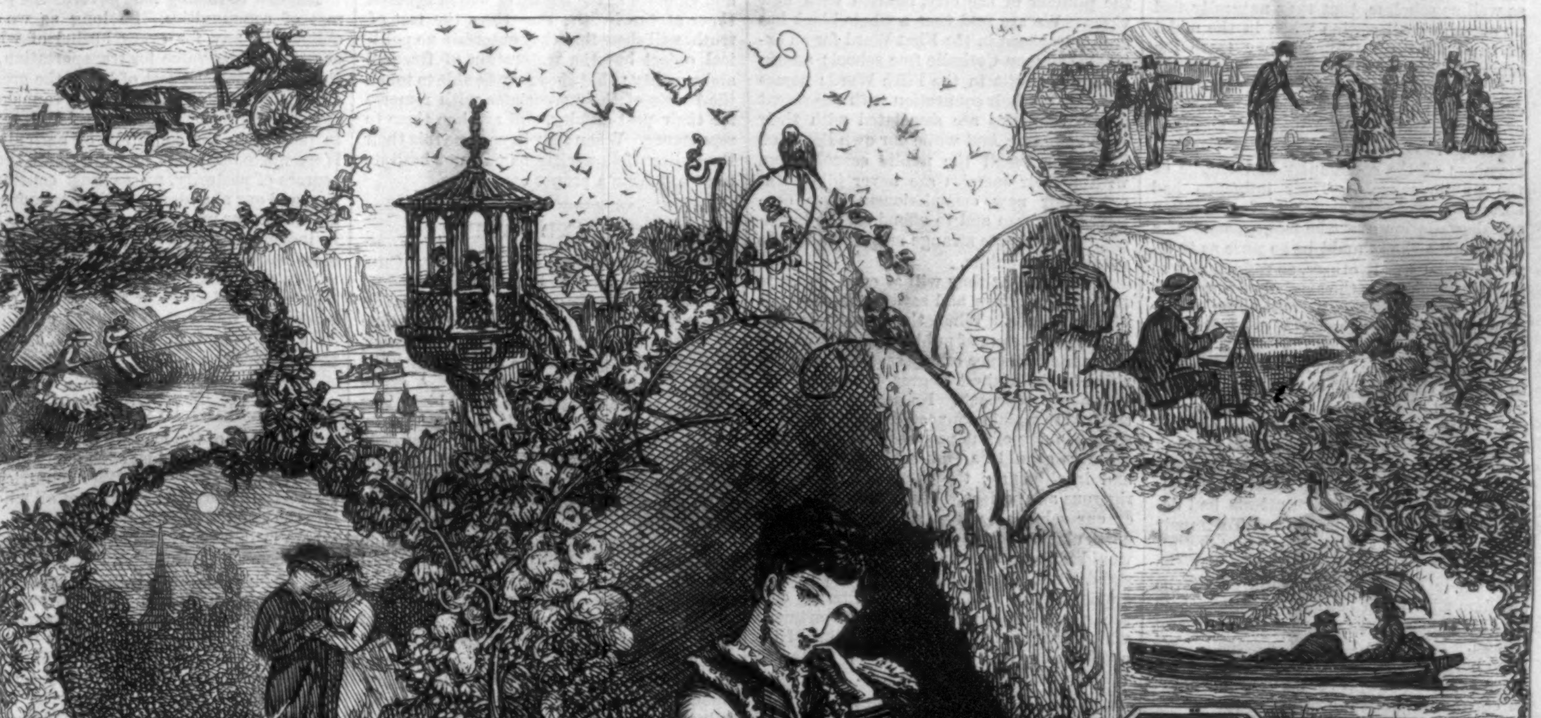
THE SUMMER CAMPAIGN.

THE scorching weather which came with the latter days of June has hastened the usual summer exodus from the city to the sea-side resorts and the inland watering-places; and New York begins to assume the dull and deserted aspect which it wears from July to the middle of October. To a stranger the difference might not be apparent. The unsophisticated rural cousin never appreciates the emptiness of New York, and is apt to wonder how much greater the crowd can be when the city is full. But the initiated feel the general deterioration in the appearance of the fashionable avenues and drives.

But going into the country or to a sea-side resort is more a point of fashion than of comfort or pleasure. The country is just as hot as the city, and, with the exception of such resorts as Long Branch, Newport, and Saratoga, not half so comfortable as regards in-door conveniences.

Within a year or two a movement has been commenced which may in time revolutionize the views of the fashionable world on this subject. All along the beautiful rivers of Florida elegant villas are springing up, and landscape art is transforming the whole region into cultivated parks and gardens, where Northern families will find a perfect paradise for the winter season. No climate in the world is more delightful, and every winter will see a vast increase in the number of people who will resort thither to escape Northern rigors. Every year increases the facilities for reaching our American Italy; and the end may be that summer will find New York less deserted than the winter season.



PREPARED FOR THE CAMPAIGN—A REVERIE OF THE COMING SUMMER.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, July 5, 1873.

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THE DANGER OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

For so many weary years the people have been laboring to throw off the rule of a single sect, and to make the public schools non-sectarian, to raise them to a high efficiency, and perfect the education of teachers as well as scholars, that they naturally feel no common indignation when in the midst of their apparent triumph they trace the same disastrous influence they had hoped was overthrown forever still ruling in their educational affairs, and tainting the honesty of trustees and commissioners. It was only recently that some of the most immoral members of the community had charge of the public schools. Their influence had thrown a painful suspicion of corruption and degradation over the management of a department that should be so pure as to offer a model to all others, so refined and so intelligent as to be the symbol of a spotless fame. Gross, coarse, illiterate, often covered with an infamous renown, our ruling educators had made the public schools centres of political intrigue; had appointed teachers to gratify the taste of degraded partisans; had placed the control of the children of the community sometimes in the care of such persons as no parent but would shrink from in alarm; seemed desirous of destroying forever the value of that system of education to which the foreign priests had declared their lasting hostility. To impair the moral worth, the popular repute of all the schools of the city, might well have been their object, and to confirm all the slanders which had been heaped upon them by their enemies was perhaps their secret design. Nor were they unsuccessful. We need only allude to the painful rumors that were every where prevalent of the conduct of corrupt trustees, the scenes in the school-rooms, the intrigues in the school boards, the characters of the men who in many wards were the petty tyrants of a secret domain, the vices, the frauds, and the degradation of those who were the masters of the teachers, to prove how deep was the stain they had inflicted upon the reputation of our system of public instruction.

Of all this our new Board of Commissioners are conscious. They were selected for the purpose of examining into all the abuses of their predecessors, and without concealment or hesitation were authorized to lay bare the details of the past mismanagement. They were expected to remove from office every person who had been the instrument of the former board in corrupting the schools and destroying their renown. They were chosen to throw off at once the rule of that active sect which had so long controlled public education and plotted its destruction. They were to make the schools wholly non-sectarian. Without fear, with manly and honest boldness, they were commanded by the people in a series of elections to raise the public schools above sect or party, to sweep away the throng of the immoral and corrupt who preyed upon their renown, to defy the arts of priests or politicians, to make the Board of Education a centre of honesty and candor, and to appeal for support to the esteem of the whole community.

But through timidity or ambition the president and the majority of the new board have disobeyed the voice of their constituents. They are afraid of politicians; they tremble before the priest. They are more anxious to win the favors of the ruling sect than of the whole people. They have never dared to inquire into any of the past abuses, to lay bare the fatal results of long years of vicious authority. They still fear to dismiss the clerk who was the instrument of their corrupt predecessors. They are unable, they assert, to make out their report without him, and they shrink from offending the Roman Catholic priesthood by whom he was placed in power. The same cloud still rests upon the reputation of some of the schools, the same vices still taint the sources of public instruction. In Brooklyn, we notice, where a bolder spirit prevails, two members of a school board are on their trial, charged with entering a school-room intoxicated, with smoking cigars and ridiculing the Bible in the presence of all the scholars, with threatening personal violence to an indignant principal, and terrifying a female teacher. Whether such conduct has ever been witnessed in our own schools we shall apparently never know from the investigations of our new commissioners. Nor is it unfair to say that what they have done is worse even than what they have left undone. The majority of our teachers are eminent for their acquirements or their faithful services; the commissioners propose to reduce their salaries. They have already aimed a dangerous blow at the usefulness of the primary schools, the most valuable part of the system of public instruction, and they have gratified its enemies by a series of projects that can only tend to its final ruin. They have, with singular inhumanity, refused to pay the teachers' salaries, as was formerly done, to the 1st of August, thus preventing many of them from taking their usual vacation, and they seem to have spent their chief labors in making the teachers as uncomfortable as possible. Meanwhile the priestly schools—St. Gabriel's, St. Teresa's, and a throng of others—fed by the plunder of the city, flourish with new vigor. We are told that a whole block has been purchased in the First Ward for an extensive Roman Catholic free school; another is to be built in the Fifth Ward; names ominous for their connection with the recent public robberies are associated with their endowments. And while our own Board of Education assail the public schools from within, their enemies are never idle without. Our new commissioners have contrived to alarm and to offend all the teachers, and to excite strange suspicions in the minds of the public.

We trust that they will at once hasten to repair their errors, and satisfy the demands of the people. What the community requires is a system of public schools unaffected by the influence of any sect or party, purified to the highest degree, with a reputation above reproach. No person should be suffered to remain connected with it who has shared in any of the past corruptions. The teachers should be eminent for refinement and intelligence; the discipline should be rigorous and perfect. We believe that some of our schools are not surpassed in many particulars by those of any other city. Nor would it be difficult to raise them all to the standard of the highest excellence by the application of scholarship and literary culture to the improvement of a department which has been too long the victim of incompetency and ignorance, of sectarian blindness and political intrigue.

A LATE REPENTANCE.

We should be glad to think that the sensible and well-constructed resolutions of Mr. G. T. Beauregard and his associates represent the real designs of the Louisiana Democracy. We miss in them any strong sense of the flagrancy of past errors. Some expression of lasting regret for the cruel deeds of their recent associates might have been expected, some desire of atonement to the white and colored Republicans who have so long labored for freedom at the peril of their lives and fortunes, some contrition for those sad events that have covered the recent history of Louisiana with an imperishable stain. Yet possibly all this may come. We have never believed that a majority of the white farmers and merchants of the State shared willingly in the acts of their more guilty leaders, or that, had they possessed sufficient courage, they would not long ago have thrown off the rule of that desperate faction which was plotting the ruin of Louisiana. If they can now boldly carry out the policy suggested in these resolutions; if they can give perfect freedom and peace to the community; if they guard as jealously the privileges of every white and colored Republican as they would their own; if they insure to the immigrant, the capitalist, and the stranger that courteous welcome, irrespective of his political creed, which is the crowning trait of every Republican community—they will do much to repair the ravages of war and the still worse consequences of the eight years of terror and violence that have succeeded the rebellion.

But we can not blind ourselves to the fact that it is by deeds rather than words that this reform must gain the confidence of the nation, and that the doubts and fears that will still attend it can only be removed by the test of actual experience. It will require an earnestness and a self-denial on the part of its supporters which we shall be the first to honor if they are faithfully rendered, time to prove its reality, and such rigorous justice upon every offender against the laws as will give perfect safety to life and property. The white and colored Republicans of Louisiana have been the chief if not the only victims of the eight years of misrule, and it can scarcely be expected that they will at once accept the assurances of their persecutors, or lose their claim upon the protection of the national government until it is plain that it is no longer needed. They will watch with a just scrutiny the progress of reform, and if it succeed, will repay with their gratitude and esteem the labors of every sincere friend of peace. As they belong chiefly to the working classes, from them must come the future prosperity of Louisiana; and it is only when labor is duly honored, and honest industry preferred to barbarous sloth, that any State or nation can win confidence or credit.

We confess we have a necessary distrust of the professions of the opposition leaders at the South, so often have they deceived the people by promises of amendment, and so steadily have they pursued their design of ruling by force or fraud; so cruel and barbarous has been their treatment of their laboring class, so destructive their policy to the higher interests of their section. Education, morality, peace, and justice have disappeared wherever they have gained the control. We trust, therefore, that the Louisiana reformers, if they desire success, will keep themselves wholly free from any alliance with that faction which began the disorders and violence at the South, or which fostered them at the North; that time, the test of truth, will show that they entertain no political object but the restoration of freedom and equality; that they may be able to touch the hearts of their associates with remorse for their past cruelty, and awaken them to repentance. When they have done this their Republican fellow-citizens will not hesitate to award them a proper confidence.

GOLD AND FAMINE.

When, fifteen years ago, M. Michel Chevalier, astonished at the boundless productiveness of the California and Australian mines, foretold a steady decline in the value of gold and the loss of its purchasing power, he had evidently not made allowance for the changes in human circumstances. A series of events have conspired to refute him. The purchasing power of gold, as measured by the price of wheat, is but little different from what it was in 1850. A bushel of the best wheat could then be bought for a dollar in gold. We believe the price to-day is not much greater. The change, at least, is not so evident as to awaken notice, and the value of what are called the precious metals still seems to remain unaltered in the opinion of men. Population, trade, manufactures, the demand or the use for gold, have increased in an equal proportion with the product of the mines, and that approaching surplus of the glittering element that alarmed philosophers twenty years ago has never been attained.

But possibly one chief cause of the demand for gold is the increasing cost of producing food. We are, in fact, threatened with a famine at no distant date should we continue to waste our resources. The food of the country is brought from a comparatively limited section, and the rapid advance westward of the food-producing line shows how soon the present sources of our most important crops may become as barren as New York or Massachusetts. Our population is growing with unequaled strides. The tide of emigration is rising higher than ever before. Before the close of the nineteenth century it is calculated that one hundred millions of people will occupy our prosperous territory from ocean to ocean. The demand for food will be doubled, but the wheat fields of Wisconsin and Iowa will long ago have become as unreliable as the once famous Genesee Flats. Even already we are told that the apparently exhaustless soil of California, untilled for endless ages, has shown a swift decay, that lands that twenty years ago produced thirty bushels of wheat to the acre are now able only to produce ten, that the miraculous crops of an earlier period can no longer be looked for, and that the powers of nature have been easily impaired by human neglect or ignorance.

Although, therefore, in the present plenty it may seem incredible that years of famine are impending over us, a plain deduction from acknowledged facts must force us to the inevitable conclusion. The want of food is one that we have never known. Yet the experience of all thickly peopled countries shows that wherever the resources of nature are wasted it must surely come. A famine has recently swept over the eastern provinces of Prussia. Ireland, not many years ago, lost one-eighth of its population by a fatal dearth. The people of India perish by myriads whenever a dry season cuts off the abundant harvest. England and France have often been subjected to periods of suffering from the failure of their crops; and it would be wise for us to learn from their misfortunes, and in the midst of plenty to prepare for less prosperous days. The remedy lies in the improvement of all methods of agriculture. With a skillful system of farming applied to all our vast territory, we need fear no want of food for generations; nor could our farmers, who seem just awakening to the necessity of union and co-operation in their most important pursuit, apply themselves to a more useful object than to the study of the best means of renewing worn-out soils, or of preserving those that are still productive. In Belgium, it is stated, the agricultural department of the government has already become the most useful of all, and has stimulated the productiveness of its small and thickly peopled territory, until it not only raises its own food, but exports large quantities to England. Our own Agricultural Bureau has a similar duty to perform. Its province may become as important as that of Belgium. It may teach the farmers in every part of the country the easy and well-known methods of preserving the soil; nor, we trust, will the wheat-producing line be any longer suffered to advance steadily westward. If the chill and well-worn fields of Scotland have been kept in all their vigor by the skill of accomplished agriculturists, there seems reason to hope that even New York and New England may once more be made capable of producing a large part of their own food.

The cost of raising food governs the progress of communities. So long as we are obliged to pay for every bushel of wheat one-third of its value for transportation, besides the increased cost of labor, the greater abundance of gold will not serve to make us rich. The prosperity of the nation depends, in fact, upon the condition of agriculture. If we waste our lands, and anticipate the resources of posterity, prices must constantly rise, and our abundance of the precious metals will never produce general ease. There is, indeed, no subject that seems to invite more urgently the attention of the whole people than that of skillful farming, and the best means of averting from future generations the remotest possibility of famine. This is the most important of all our national questions.

LABOR IN ENGLAND.

The effort of the English laborers to help themselves, in the midst of so many peculiar restrictions unknown to other countries, deserves the favorable attention of all who desire the gradual elevation of their race. Nowhere is labor so weighed down by feudal barbarism as in England. Game laws are still stringent; rates, taxes, primogeniture, the accumulation of land in a few hands, the rapid increase of population, bear with singular stress upon all who live by industry. Although the narrow territory is far too small for its swarming people, it is rendered still narrower by the wide parks of the wealthy and the waste of woodland and lawn. Primogeniture still prevents the division of estates, and shuts the great body of the people from all hope of acquiring land. Even the commons, once so abundant in England, and which formed a scanty resource for many poor families, have, by the Inclosures act, been annexed to the domains of the wealthy. All the burdens of the state seem to press upon the agricultural laborer. The toil which maintains the nation is the least cherished and the worst rewarded. The English farm laborer is the most wretchedly paid of any of his fellows; his wages average less than three dollars a week; from this sum he hires a cottage, that is usually little more than a hovel of mud, brings up his family in a single room, often in utter ignorance, feeds them upon a few vegetables, with a rare supply of meat on one or two days in the week, wastes his earnings at the tavern, and often dies in the poor-house or the jail. For him there is no hope. Ignorant, sensual, neglected, he can be nothing but the clod upon which others trample.

Such, at least, is the picture of the English workman presented by English writers. We have no doubt our own farm laborers are disposed often to complain, nor always without reason; but what would be their outcries if they were paid, instead of three dollars a day, three dollars a week, were deprived of their public schools, their hope of progress, condemned to want meat several days in each week, and to live in hovels that are often dens of fever? In the midst of his intense degradation, the English laborer has at last begun to help himself. He is no longer willing to wait until his superiors prepare to amend the laws that press upon him, until the aristocracy and the Church consent to relieve the poorer classes by abating their intolerable privileges. And a strong movement, resembling a revolution, is passing over the manners and the aims of the English farming population. They have formed agricultural unions that are spreading throughout the country, are requiring higher wages and better food, are resolute in their demands for free education and the re-dress of their many grievances. Their efforts have been met by the conservative land-holders with no accommodating spirit. The meetings of the laborers, which have become numerous and powerful, have often been broken up by the country squires, the speakers arrested, and the chairman and officers sent to jail. Those who attend them are dismissed from their employment. The country gentry hope to starve the laborers into submission. But they have been disappointed. The movement still grows in strength. The unemployed laborers are maintained by the funds of the associations. Those in prison are defended at the common cost. And the farm unions cry out for the abolition of primogeniture, the repeal of the game-laws, the spread of popular education, and the reform of their class in spite of the most oppressive agencies of English legislation.

We trust that a wiser spirit will soon animate the ruling caste of England, and that they will set themselves at once to repair the evils they have so long occasioned or neglected. They should profit by the misfortunes of former aristocracies. It was the violence and the blindness of the French nobility that produced the horrors of the French revolution. The good sense of the English aristocracy may be shown in a less selfish and less dangerous course. Let them yield to the revolution which they can not prevent. Nor could there be a finer spectacle presented to mankind than that of the whole intelligent class of the English lending their aid to elevate, to educate, and purify the people. The idea may seem Utopian, yet it is the only one that can be rationally entertained. To offer to suppress the movement of the working classes by force would bring upon England such disasters as not all its history could equal.

REPUDIATION AT THE SOUTH.

We notice with regret that a project of repudiation is pressed in North Carolina and several other Southern States. That a policy so fatal to the prosperity of the whole South should even be mentioned with favor is a most unhappy circumstance. The life of nations and communities is their reputation for honesty. All the railroad enterprises, the public works, the mines, the levees, and the canals of the South must depend for their completion and their success upon foreign capital, and the first step toward repudiation in any State will at once close to it all the avenues of credit. If a community is dishonest, all its members will be held to be equally so. If North Carolina refuses to pay its creditors, it will receive a blow from which it can never recover. Its land will at once sink in value, its public improvements stop, and a general disaster will fall upon its people, to which the burden of its debt will seem slight and insignificant.

Five years ago a portion of the Democratic party joined to their disloyal leanings a plan for repudiating the national debt. They were sustained by their Southern allies, but received from the people so signal a rebuke in the election of 1868 that they never ventured again to suggest the dishonest policy. They had seemed as anxious to destroy the good name of the country as they once were to overthrow its government, and they fell in both attempts before the rage of the intelligent majority. It seems that their immoral projects have been feebly imitated by the Southern Democracy. We trust that the Southern people will give their dishonest leaders a perfect overthrow. The only safe policy for the embarrassed States at the South is to deserve general confidence by candor and honesty. They should place before the public an exact statement of their debts, their resources, and their measures of internal improvement. The most extravagant accounts have been circulated of the amount of their indebtedness. It was asserted by Mr. Schurz or his colleagues that the debt of Georgia, for example, amounted to more than $40,000,000; it is shown by recent examination to be less than $15,000,000. Each State, therefore, should remove all doubt by giving to the public a full statement of its liabilities. It should select its most trusted citizens, or, perhaps, financial agents from abroad, to calculate its debt and to estimate the value of its possessions and its prospects. In this way we believe that it might be easily shown that the liabilities even of North and South Carolina are small compared to their natural resources; that what they most need is foreign aid to bring into use their various products; that Charleston, with the help of Northern capital and skill, may be readily made a flourishing sea-port, and Wilmington open the way to the renovation of North Carolina. Common schools and railways, immigration and foreign trade, shun the ports where repudiation is practiced, and the surest method to cover the South with a lasting decay would be for its own politicians to destroy its credit. With honesty, economy, and strict republicanism the Southern States may easily pay all their debts, develop their neglected wealth, and attain a position of ease and affluence such as they have never known before.

PERSONAL.

The Rev. Philip Schaff, D.D., sailed for Europe in the steamer *Algeria* on the 14th inst. for his usual summer vacation. Just before his exodus he propounded to a gentleman connected with an establishment for the diffusion of correct ideas the following problem, "When is a cathedral most dangerous to enter?" Being a church-going man, the gentleman addressed scouted the possibility of harm from such a source, and regarded the doctor as engaged in a sly effort to undermine his faith. He "gave it up." The doctor evolved from the depths of his inner consciousness the following solution, "When there are six canons in the stalls, a big gun in the pulpit, and the bishop about to charge!"

—Colonel Forney's *Reminiscences of Public Men*, which will be published in a few days by the Harpers, reminds us of a brief colloquy between him and Senator Sumner. Just after the publication of *Middlemarch* Colonel Forney met the Senator, and casually asked if he had read that wonderful work. "No, Sir, I have not," answered Senator S. "Then, Sir," continued the colonel, "I consider that you owe me two hundred and fifty dollars for recommending to you its immediate perusal." Not long afterward, again meeting Mr. S., he inquired, "Well, Senator, have you read *Middlemarch* yet?" With a pleasant smile he answered, "Yes, Sir, *and annotated it!*"

—The London correspondent of the New York *World* writes that Colonel Richard M. Hoe has completed for the London *Daily Telegraph* a new "perfecting press," which is to "knock the spots off" the Walter machine. The new press prints 24,000 copies, on both sides, in one hour. This is a rate which has never been attained by any other press.

—At the Commencement of Hamilton College, on the 22d June, a monument was dedicated to the Rev. Samuel Kirkland, at which addresses were delivered by ex-Governor Seymour and other notables, among whom were Daniel Sconondoa, Grand Sachem of the Oneida Indians, and the Rev. William Sconondoa. This is probably the first instance in this country where two prominent full-blooded Indians, both well-educated, have participated in the Commencement exercises of a college.

—It is almost worth while to be killed a little to be immortalized in verse. Whittier has thus embalmed the memory of Conductor Bradley, who was recently killed by the accident near Terryville, Connecticut, and who cried with his latest breath, as his mangled form was raised from the earth, "Put out the signal for the other train!"

—Mr. Shillaber, that guileless man of Boston who for so many years has edified the hemisphere by the sayings of Mrs. Partington, now says: "You shouldn't be glutinous, Isaac," as with an anxious expression she remarked the strong, convulsive effort that young gent was making to bolt the last quarter of a mince-pie—"you shouldn't be so glutinous, dear. You must be very careful, or you will get something in your elementary canal or sarcophagus one of these days that will kill you, Isaac."

—When Mr. Fillmore was Vice-President he had one trifling bit of fun, which used to be enjoyed by a few Senators as well as by himself. During the sessions of the Senate he always recognized Senator Sevier when rising to speak as the Senator from Arkan*saw*, while he recognized Senator Ashley as the Senator from Ar*kansas*, pronouncing the name of the State according to the manner of the Senators respectively.

—Dr. Jeffrey stated at a recent Baptist anniversary at Albany that only 140 out of the 590 Baptist churches of Ohio contribute to the cause of missions.

—The London *Times* has the following curious statement from Sir George Bowyer: "With reference to your statement that after the murder of Rossi the Pope escaped to Gaeta in the disguise of a footman, allow me to tell you the positive historical truth, that his Holiness escaped in the carriage of the Bavarian minister in the guise not of a domestic, but of a domestic chaplain."

—Sir John A. Macdonald, who for nearly a quarter of a century has been the dominant mind in Canadian politics, is to be made a member of the Judicial Committee of her Majesty's Privy Council, which will entitle him to a salary of $30,000.

—The late Bishop Eastburn, of Massachusetts, had one rule, while rector of the Church of the Ascension, in this city, which is not very pertinaciously adhered to by the clergy of the present day, viz., he made it a rule to visit each family of his parish four times a year. This did not interfere with his pulpit duties, for his sermons were admirable in point of style and finish, and gave evidence of close study of the sacred volume.

—Bishop Odenheimer, of New Jersey, stated at the recent annual Convention of his diocese, that the past year had been one of surpassing prosperity in all the departments of personal, parochial, and missionary activities.

—Professor Goudsmit, of the University of Leyden, has recently arrived in this country for the purpose of studying our institutions. He is a leading Continental jurist and author.

—A quaint sort of person, the Rev. Mark Wilkes, once introduced his text in this manner: "My hearers, did you ever see a cat? Did you ever see a cat walk? Did you ever see a cat walk upon the top of a wall? Did you ever see a cat walk upon the top of a wall covered with broken glass? How carefully she lifted each foot! How slowly and cautiously she set it down again! So would the text from which I am about to speak have you act. 'See that you walk cir-cum-spect-ly.'"

—Professor Hall, of Colby University, Maine, during a recent visit to Europe, secured a volume of sermons printed in 1492, and bound in wooden boards fastened by metal plates; also, a folio Bible three hundred years old.

—In 1852, when the city authorities of Boston ordered the sale of the city wharf property, Josiah Quincy wrote to Mayor Seaver a letter against that course, and giving cogent reasons. The sale, however, took place. Mr. Quincy, then over eighty years of age, took his place by the auctioneer, and after a sharp competition bought the property for $411,000. The multitude gave him three cheers. He came forward and said he believed the city had made a great mistake, and offered to cancel his bargain if desired, which was declined. He had fifteen years to pay the installments. In nine months he sold enough to pay for the whole, and retained land enough to erect twelve large stores, with the rights of wharfage. The property is now immensely valuable. It was Mr. Quincy's only speculation, and the only time he departed from a maxim adopted early in life, "Never risk what you do want for the chance of getting what you don't want." He survived his purchase twelve years, retaining his faculties to the last, and dying without a struggle in his ninety-third year.

—Despite the cares of public life, Senator Castelar clings closely to literary pursuits. His *Life of Lord Byron*, just published at Madrid, is said to be one of the most original works of later Spanish literature.

—The new Board of Education has refused, it is stated, to pay the teachers' advance salaries, as has usually been done, up to the 1st of August, to enable them to go into the country. We trust that anathemas more effective than the papal will change the resolution of the hard-hearted Commissioners—that Messrs. Neilson, Kiernan, and their followers may be spared none of the retribution that free speech can suggest.

—The late John Van Buren once, when traveling on one of our North River steamers, asked his friend's friend to join in a drink—probably soda-water. The man said he had "not the pleasure of an introduction." "But," said Prince John, "you know enough to drink."

—Dr. Holmes is quite as ready-witted as "Prince John." Being asked by a young physician what sign to put on his door, he replied, "The smallest fevers gratefully received."

—It may possibly gratify the curiosity of some of our readers to know how the College of Cardinals goes at the business of electing a new Pope. The following comes to us from an authentic source: On the decease of the Pope the Cardinal Camerlingo at once becomes the principal personage, and it was formerly one of his first duties to direct the Senators of Rome to toll the great bell on the Capitol, only rung on this occasion and at the opening of the Carnival. He receives and breaks "the ring of the fisherman," consigns the Pope's body to the penitentiaries of the Vatican Basilica, and takes an inventory of the contents of the Apostolical Palace. For each of the nine days intervening between the death of the Pope and the beginning of the Conclave a meeting of cardinals with special ceremonies is prescribed, the first three days being mainly occupied with the obsequies of the deceased pontiff. On the tenth day the cardinals are solemnly immured, according to the letter of the law, in the palace where the Pope dies; but from 1455 to 1823 every Conclave was held in the Vatican, and since the death of Pius VII. in the Quirinal, in 1823, it has always met there. The next Conclave, it may be presumed, will revert to the earlier practice. Here, then, on the evening of the tenth day the cardinals are immured in their "cells," and in theory cut off from all intercourse with the outer world, though in fact the rule is never rigidly enforced, as is well known to those who have been in Rome at such a ceremonial.

—Prince Bismarck maintains without wavering his warfare against the monastic orders in Germany. He declares that the influence of the Jesuit orders is directly exerted to undermine the stability of the new German Empire, and there is nothing improbable in the accusation. The Pope and the Jesuits exhibit only their customary wisdom in discerning in the creation of a vast Protestant state in Germany a most formidable enemy to their influence. The consolidation of that empire is not yet completed, and it would be very strange if the priesthood, or at least the religious orders, did not exert all their remaining influence to weaken it.

—The Rev. Thomas Evans, of the London Baptist Missionary Society, gives an idea of the scarcity of foreign missionaries in India, by saying, that if the same proportions were maintained in Great Britain, there would be but sixteen ministers for all England, eight for Scotland, four for Ireland, and two for Wales. A little more and Wales would not have had any.

—It is said that Mr. Walker, a painter of battle scenes where gore is conspicuous, has been commissioned by General Joseph Hooker, at an expense of $25,000, to paint a picture of the battle of Lookout Mountain, with portraits of prominent officers. Donn Piatt is to do the general's life.

—Mr. Jefferson Davis recently remarked to a newspaper man that he was preparing a work with all the impartiality possible to him, and after years of sober thought, which shall not leave the world in darkness as to his motives and conduct, or of those who acted with him. It was a saying of the first Napoleon that he who makes history should leave to others the task of writing it.

—The late Dr. Marshall Hall, of England, said, "If I were seriously ill of consumption, I would live out-of-doors day and night, except in rainy weather or midwinter; then I would sleep in an unplastered log-house. Physic has no nutriment; gasping for air can not cure you; stimulants can not cure you. What you want is air, not physic—pure air, not medicated air—plenty of meat and bread."

—William Henry Mills, the first colored bishop of the Methodist Church, is thus sketched by a Southern contemporary: "His personal appearance is very good, being six feet high and well-proportioned. His delivery is good, his manner plain and practical, with no effort at bombast or display. He was born in Kentucky in 1828, as the slave of Mrs. Mary Mills. During his boyhood he learned the alphabet from an old colored man on the payment of six and a quarter cents, and learned to read at a colored Sunday-school taught by an aged Presbyterian lady near his mistress's home. When his mistress died she 'willed him free,' but the heirs of the estate went to law about the matter, and held it in court eleven years. Finally, in 1864, the case was compromised while pending in the Court of Appeals, and he became a free man. He was licensed to preach by Dr. Redford, of Nashville, in 1853, and was ordained bishop in 1870 by Bishops Paine and M'Tyierre of the Methodist Episcopal Church South. His episcopal jurisdiction extends over Kentucky, Tennessee, Missouri, Kansas, and North Mississippi. When he was ordained, the 'Methodist Episcopal Church in America' was organized, with himself and R. H. Vanderhorst (colored) as bishops. The white Methodists South aided them in so doing, while the white Methodists North have been, and are now, hostile to such an organization. Bishop Vanderhorst is now dead, and in March last Bishop Mills, aided by Bishop Pierce, of Georgia, ordained three other colored men as bishops in his Church, namely, James A. Bebee, of North Carolina; L. H. Hosley, of Georgia; Isaac Lane, of Tennessee."

—The common notion is that the Rothschilds are the richest people in the world, but there is a man in England named Ward, in comparison with whom any Rothschild may be estimated poor. Mr. Ward inherited a vast property, with accumulated investments and estates, which gives him an enormous income. He has the most magnificent house in London, the finest collection of art, and the finest country-seats in the kingdom. His wife is celebrated for her beauty; and her display of diamonds at the recent festival given by the Emperor of Austria in Vienna made all the other ladies, the empresses, queens, and princesses, look poor. What the income of this British Crœsus is we have never seen any statement of, but a Manchester paper gives an account of his annual profits derived from his coal mines, which amount to the enormous sum of £4,900,000. So the income from one source alone of this inordinately wealthy person is not much short of twenty-five millions of dollars a year.

—M. Audibert, a prominent railway manager, of France, who died a few days since, was an oddity. It is said he always emptied his pockets of money before getting home at night in deeds of charity, and one day left his cab with a single piece of money. As he put his foot to the ground one of his habitual beggars held out his hand, and received the piece. M. Audibert had nothing left to pay the cabman, who remarked that when one could not pay his fare one went on foot. A scene followed. Just then the beggar came up, and offered to loan his day's earnings, four francs fifty centimes. M. Audibert accepted it with a hearty laugh, paid the cabman, and the next day sent his beggar five hundred francs.

—People are always curious to know something of the social habits of those who have attained eminence in literature or art. Of lady authors the private way of life is usually less known than that of the male sort. Of the social life of the author of *Middlemarch*, it is said: "Mrs. Lewes never visits the houses of other people, and receives only her special friends at her own. Since she has achieved fame she might be received by many ladies who before this would have refused her *entrée* to their homes, but she neither desires nor will accept their proffered recognition. She did not overstep the conventional laws of society without due consideration; she knew the price she must pay for a happy home and a satisfied heart, and she is content to pay it; nor does she find it too high. It was a perilous experiment, and one that no woman, unless she be as strong, as brave, and as pure, and as sure of holding her lover as Miss Evans, would do well to repeat."

—Von Raumer, the German historian, who died June 13, at the age of ninety-two, entered on his judicial career as early as 1801, and from that time until the day of his death, as publicist or historian, may be said to have been continuously before the public.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

The Maine Republican State Convention was held at Bangor on the 19th June, 1246 delegates being present, with the Hon. Eugene Hale presiding. Hon. Nelson Dingley, Jun., was nominated for Governor. The principal resolution passed was condemnatory of the Congressional "back pay" bill, the repeal of which was demanded.

President Grant has approved the action of Secretary Robeson concerning the *Polaris*, and has also adopted his recommendations. Two vessels—the United States steamer *Juniata* and the *Tigress*—will be dispatched as soon as they can be got ready in search of Captain Hall's vessel. The rescued men will accompany the expedition of search.

A committee of white and colored citizens of New Orleans has issued a circular calling upon the people of the State to lay aside their prejudices, and work hereafter for the common good of all, without regard to race or color.

Forty-nine buildings were burned in Burlington, Iowa, June 19, involving a loss of $400,000.

Two hundred buildings in Michigamme City, Lake Superior, were burned on the 20th June, and eight lives lost.

Governor Dix has signed the New York Industrial Exhibition and Congressional Apportionment bills.

Ex-Chancellor Isaac Ferris, D.D., LL.D., died on the 17th June. The Hon. Horace F. Clark, the well-known financier, died June 19.

The coffins containing the bones of the prison-ship martyrs of the Revolutionary war were removed, June 17, from the neglected lot in Hudson Avenue, Brooklyn, in which they have lain for sixty-five years, to a mausoleum which had been prepared for their reception on the Myrtle Avenue slope of Washington, late Fort Green, Park.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Dispatches from Constantinople report the Sultan Abdul Aziz very ill, and at the point of death. He is forty-three years old, and is the thirty-second sovereign of the Ottoman dynasty, and the twenty-sixth since the Turks captured the capital of the Byzantine Empire from the Greeks and changed its name (in their tongue) from Constantinople to Stamboul.

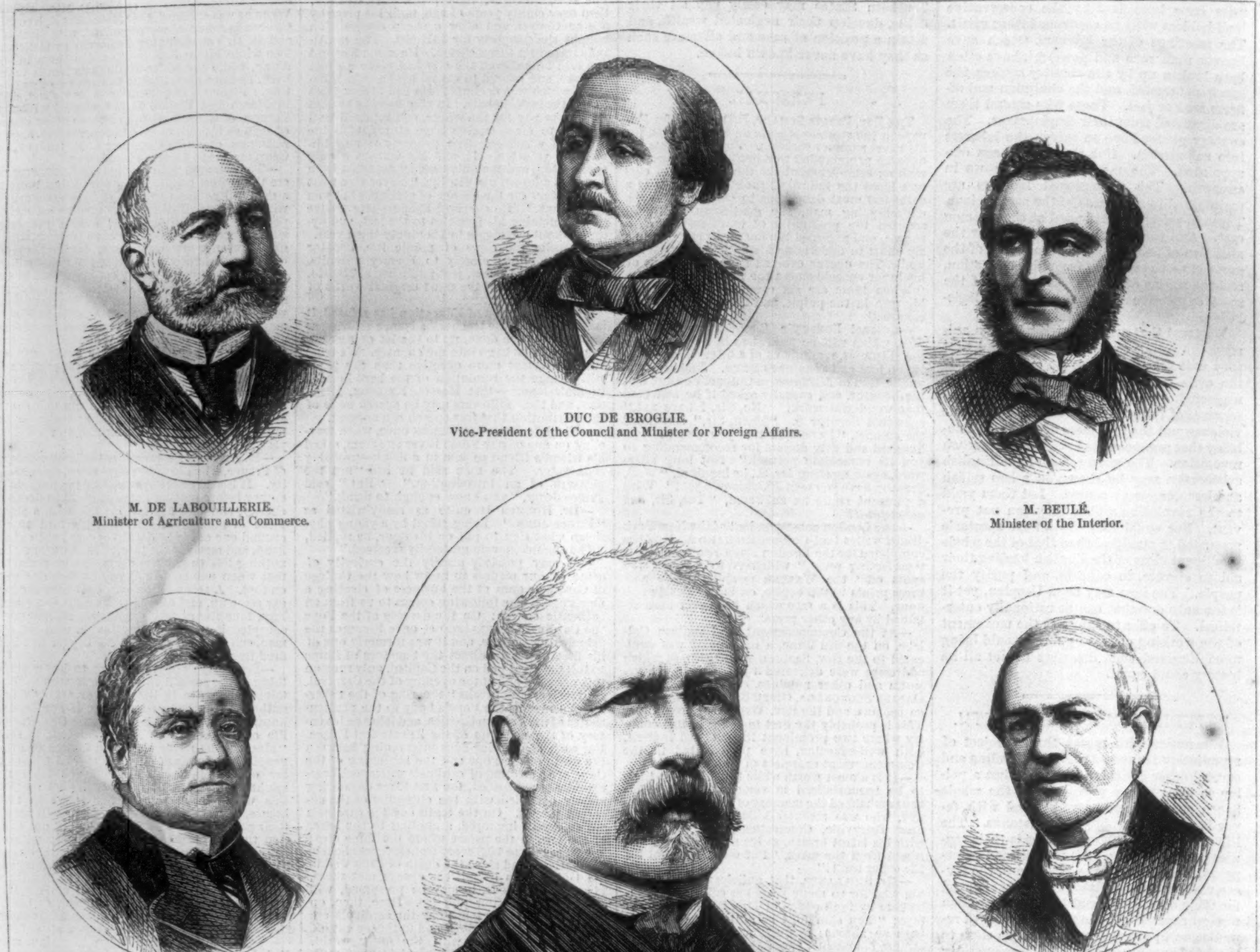
The Shah of Persia reached Brussels on the 16th June, and London on the 18th. There were grand displays and receptions in both cities. A grand ball was given in his honor at Guildhall, London, on the 20th. The Prince and Princess of Wales, besides many of the great men of the nation, were present.

The Italian Senate has passed the bill for the suppression of religious societies.

The captain of the *Murillo* has been tried before the Admiralty Court at Cadiz for sinking the *Northfleet* in the English Channel. He was found guilty, and suspended from service.

A French steamer reached Cuba on the 17th June with 500 Chinamen on board. During the passage there were 175 deaths.

The Spanish Minister of Finance has recommended to the Cortes a bill granting special powers for the collection of taxes. A draft of the announcement to foreign powers of the establishment of the federal republic in Spain was read in the Ministerial Council on the 18th June. Lieutenant-General Socias has resigned his command in the army because of his dislike of the new Minister of War.



M. DE LABOUILLERIE.
Minister of Agriculture and Commerce.

DUC DE BROGLIE.
Vice-President of the Council and Minister for Foreign Affairs.

M. BEULÉ.
Minister of the Interior.

VICE-ADMIRAL DOMPIERRE D'HORNOY.
Minister of Marine.

MARSHAL M'MAHON.
President of the French Republic.

M. MAGNE.
Minister of Finance.

M. ERNOUL.
Minister of Justice.

GENERAL DE CISSEY.
Minister of War.

M. BATBIE.
Minister of Public Instruction and Worship.

THE CHANGE OF GOVERNMENT IN FRANCE—THE NEW FRENCH MINISTRY.

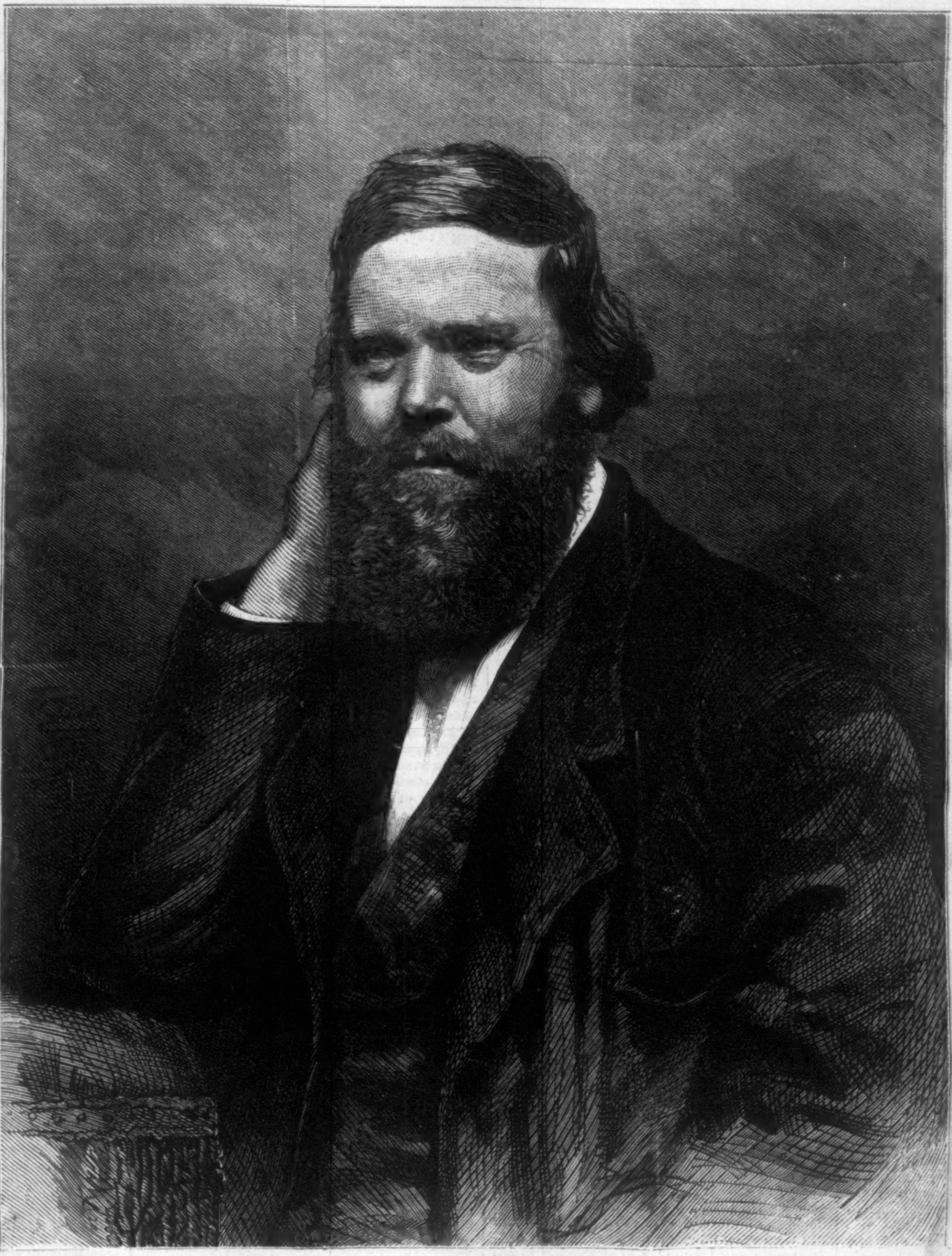
THE NEW FRENCH MINISTRY.

THE portraits on this page represent the new President of the French republic and the members of the cabinet as it was formed immediately after his election. The story of his career is too well known to require repetition here. Of his cabinet, the Duc de Broglie, Minister for Foreign Affairs, the prime mover of the recent conservative movement, and leader of the Right, is the son of the famous old minister of LOUIS PHILIPPE. Up to lately he was more distinguished as a *littérateur* than a statesman, being a member of the Academy and a contributor to the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. When M. THIERS became President, the Duc de Broglie was sent to England as embassador, but, startled at seeing the President lean so decidedly toward the Left, resigned his post, entered the lists of the Assembly, and began that energetic system of opposition which ended in a systematic organization of the diverse conservative elements and the overthrow of M. THIERS.

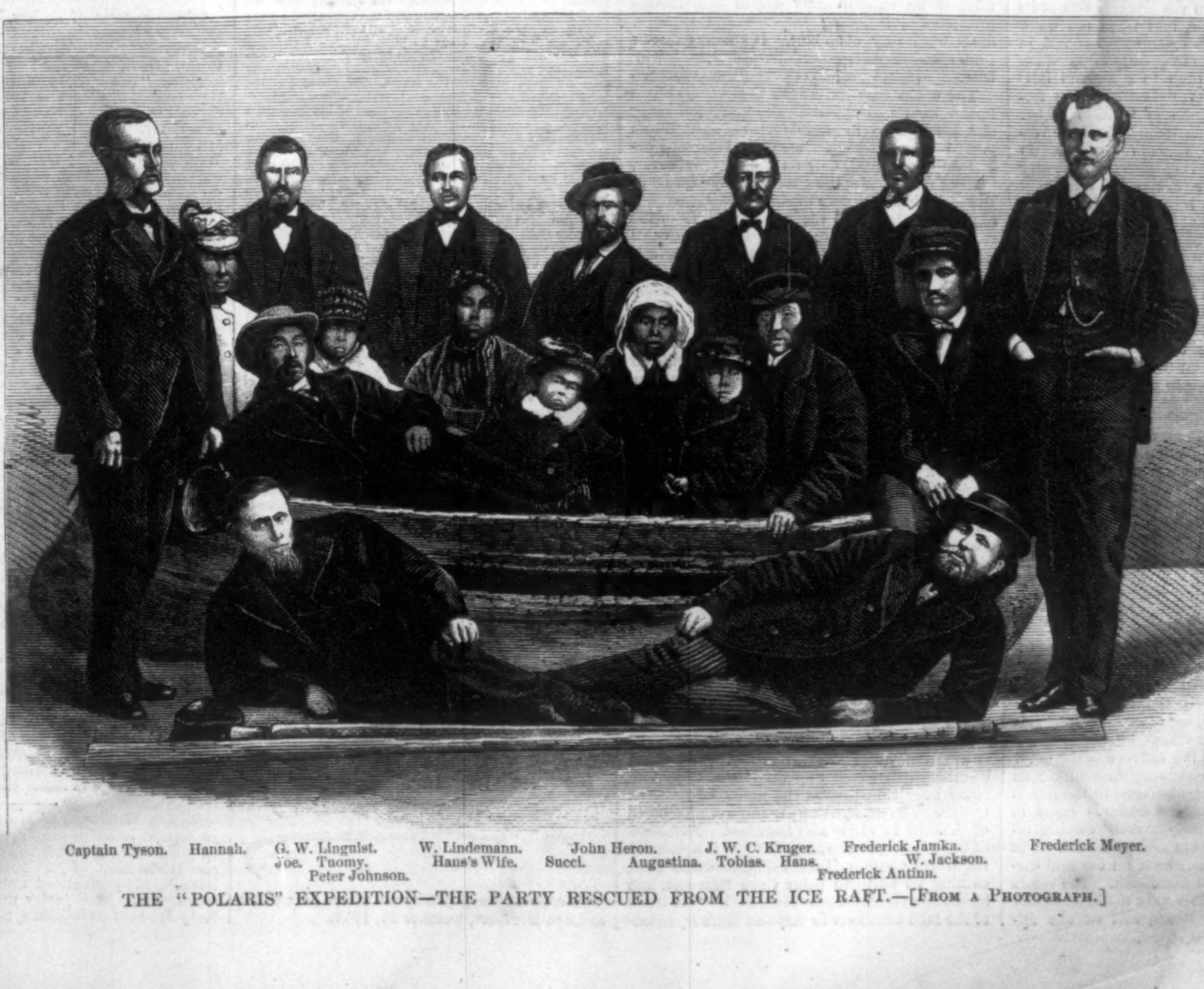
M. MAGNE, the Minister of Finance, is a Bonapartist *pur sang*, having contributed to the success of the *coup d'état* of 1851, organized the loan of 1867, which was thirty-four times covered, and formed part of the PALIKAO ministry, the last of the imperial régime. He has a wonderful financial talent, and to this must be chiefly attributed the rise which has recently taken place on the French Bourse. M. DESEILLIGNY, Minister of Public Works, and Vice-Admiral DOMPIERRE D'HORNOY are also Imperialists. The admiral is a sturdy old sea-wolf, who did great service with his sailors during the Prussian siege of Paris. Beyond this he is principally known as the grand-nephew of VOLTAIRE. Of the Minister of Commerce, M. DE LABOUILLERIE, also a Bonapartist, there is little to say, save that he is a clever speaker, and profoundly learned in the manipulation of a budget.

To pass to the Legitimists, M. BATBIE, Minister for Public Instruction, is a convert from republicanism, of which, in 1848, he was a stanch partisan. He is an exceedingly clever barrister, has a singular talent for lobby tactics, and has earned his present position by his violent tirades against the Left during the past two years. M. ERNOUL, Minister of Justice, is also a distinguished barrister, and although comparatively a young man, is bald-headed, and has been a Procureur-Général. He is noted for his clear judgment and good sense in all political matters.

Of the remaining ministers, M. BEULÉ, who has since retired, and been succeeded by M. GOULARD, is a moderate conservative, and professes Orleanist sympathies. Like the Duc de Broglie, he is a well-known *littérateur*, though more skillful with the tongue than the pen, being an admirable rhetorician. He also is a member of the French Academy, and became first known to the political world by a lawsuit with the imperial government, and his defense of the **PLANTAGENET** statues promised to England. Of General **DE CISSEY** little need be said. On the formation of the **BROGLIE** cabinet he retained his post of Minister of War *pro tem.*, but has since been relieved by General **DU BARAIL**. He also is a "moderate conservative," and leans somewhat toward Bonapartism. A clever and courageous general, he is no orator, and his speeches in the Assembly are notable for their brevity.



CAPTAIN C. F. HALL.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN JUST PREVIOUS TO HIS LAST VOYAGE.]



Captain Tyson. Hannah. G. W. Lingulst. W. Lindemann. John Heron. J. W. C. Kruger. Frederick Jamka. Frederick Meyer.
Joe. Tuomy. Hans's Wife. Succi. Augustina. Tobias. Hans. W. Jackson.
Peter Johnson. Frederick Antinn.

THE "POLARIS" EXPEDITION—THE PARTY RESCUED FROM THE ICE RAFT.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.]

CAPTAIN HALL AND THE "POLARIS."

THE brave navigator and explorer who only a few months ago sailed from our shores to find a grave in the dreary desolation of the arctic regions was modestly averse to sitting for his portrait. Just before his departure on what proved to be his last voyage he was urged by many friends to have a photograph taken; and finally, after much entreaty, he consented, on condition that those who were to be the companions of his perils would sit with him. From this interesting group we have copied and enlarged the portrait which appears upon this page, which we present to our readers as a memento of one of the bravest and noblest explorers of American birth.

When Captain **HALL**, in 1871, set sail in the *Polaris* for the arctic regions he hoped to accomplish great results. He had already made two noteworthy expeditions toward the north pole, covering a period of several years, and had acquired such a knowledge of the arctic world, so much experience in the perilous navigation of the icy seas, such a thorough knowledge of the difficulties and obstacles to be encountered, and the best means of meeting them, that many shared the hope that he would be able to push northward into the open polar sea, and realize the dream of former navigators. For twenty years it had been his ambition to reach the north pole, or, at any rate, to touch the highest latitude attainable by man.

Captain **HALL**'s attention was first directed to the subject of arctic exploration and discovery in 1850, while he was still engaged in his profession, that of an engraver, in Cincinnati. It was at the time when popular interest was excited throughout the country by the fitting out of the first **GRINNELL** expedition. Captain **HALL** became an enthusiastic polar student; and his leisure for the next ten years was spent in acquainting himself with all that had been published regarding the *terra incognita* in the north, and in watching the progress of the successive expeditions which bore our flag near to the pole. On the return of the English expedition of **M'RAE**, in 1854, with relics of the ill-fated **FRANKLIN**, the English government declined further to prosecute the search for the missing explorer. But Lady **FRANKLIN** was not satisfied; and, after vainly appealing to her government, fitted out at her own expense Captain **M'CLINTOCK** with the *Fox*, and sent him to complete the search.

Captain **HALL**'s sympathy was deeply roused by Lady **FRANKLIN**'s appeal. He doubted not that the great mystery attending the fate of **FRANKLIN** and his companions might be unraveled, and he thought it might be possible to co-operate with **M'CLINTOCK** in his brave work by an expedition from the United States. The story of Captain **HALL**'s first expedition of 1860–62 has been told by his own pen. He sailed from New London, Connecticut, in a whaler, which was to land him, with boat and sledge, upon the ice to the west of Davis Strait, and leave him to prosecute his search alone. The loss of his boat prevented his journey westward to the region where it is known **FRANKLIN** perished; but, however, his explorations, limited as they were, were attended with important results. Precious relics of the expedition of **FROBISHER**, who sailed three hundred years earlier by command of Queen **ELIZABETH**, were found; the fate of five seamen who deserted that navigator was determined; and what had until then been known as "Frobisher Strait" was completely explored by **HALL**, and proved to be but a bay.

The second arctic expedition of Captain **HALL** covered a period of five years. He sailed in 1864 from New London, in the whaler *Monticello*, accompanied only by the Esquimaux **JOE** and **HANNAH**, who had returned with him from his first expedition. The *Monticello* entered Hudson Bay, landed the little party on its northern shores, and left them to their fortunes. For the next five years Captain **HALL** completely denationalized himself, living with the Esquimaux, and, as they do, eating the raw meat and drinking the oil by which they preserve their animal heat. He improved his time in completing his knowledge of their language, customs, and traditions, and in preparing himself for the great expedition he had determined to undertake.

It is only about two years since this intrepid explorer set forth with high hopes upon the voyage from which he was never to return. The prayers and good wishes of the civilized world followed him into the dreary arctic night. Months went by, and the time was approaching when tidings from the expedition might be looked for. How strangely they came, and how sad their import, are already a part of history.

The official investigation just concluded at Washington has developed few facts not already laid before our readers in connection with the illustrations which we have given in these pages; but it has set at rest some painful rumors which had gained currency respecting the manner of Captain **HALL**'s death and the separation of

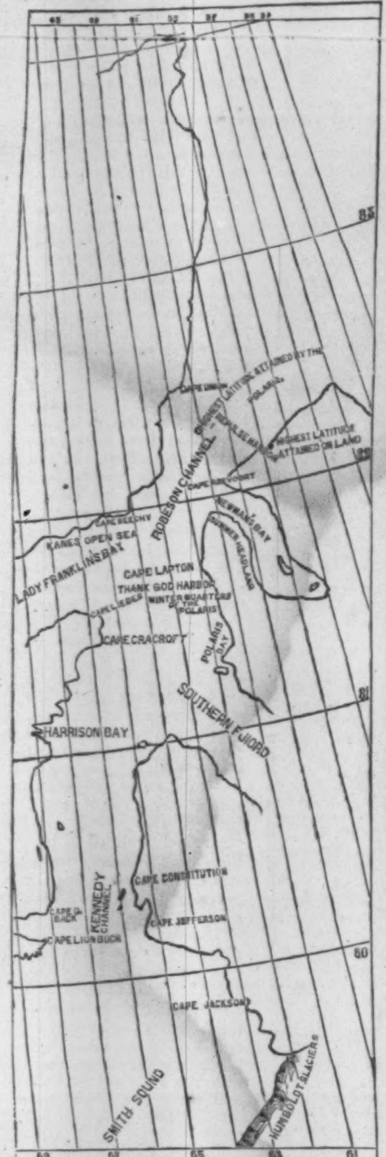


DIAGRAM OF THE EXPLORATIONS OF THE "POLARIS."—[Drawn by F. Meyer.]

Captain **Buddington** from his companions on the ice. It appears from the sworn testimony of Captain **Tyson** and Mr. **Frederick Meyer** that Captain **Hall** died a natural death, and that the separation of the *Polaris* from the party on the ice was purely accidental, and due to causes beyond human control.

The testimony of Captain **Tyson** and Mr. **Meyer** bears very severely upon Captain **Buddington**, who, it would appear, prevented a northward advance when the *Polaris* was at its highest northern latitude, and when the water was clear before it. Both gentlemen concur in the statement that he was frequently intoxicated. Had a different man been in command it is probable the expedition would have gone forward, even after the death of Captain **Hall**. As already stated, the testimony of all the rescued party exonerates Captain **Buddington** from the suspicion of having deserted the party landed on the ice. Our readers will remember that on the night of the 15th of October, 1872, during a violent gale, the ship was suddenly beset by a tremendous pressure of the ice, which was driven against her from the southward, and forced under her, pressing her up and out of the water, and by successive and violent shocks finally throwing her over on her beam ends. Captain **Buddington** directed the provisions, stores, and material in readiness, as before described, to be thrown overboard on the ice, and ordered half the crew upon the ice to carry them upon a thicker part to the hummocks, where they would be comparatively safe. He also sent all the Esquimaux with their kyacks out of the ship, and lowered the two remaining boats upon the floe. While so engaged in the darkness of an arctic night, in the midst of a fierce gale and driving snow-storm, the hawsers of the *Polaris* failed to hold her, and she broke adrift from the floe, and in a few minutes was out of sight of the party who were at that moment busily at work on the ice.

After losing sight of the ship, some of the men and a large part of the provisions were found to be afloat on a separate piece of ice. The men were rescued by means of the boats, which had fortunately been saved on the ice, and the party thus collected on the main floe passed the night as well as they could. The next day they made several attempts to reach the land with the boats, but failed, notwithstanding their most persistent efforts, owing to the obstruction of the ice and the violence of the wind.

While the party was thus striving to get on shore, but at what particular time of the day is not exactly ascertained, the *Polaris* came in sight to the northward, apparently coming toward the floe under steam and sail. An India rubber blanket was hoisted on an oar and displayed from the top of a hummock. The colors were set and other signals were made to attract the attention of the *Polaris*, and as she approached so near to them that they plainly saw her down to her rail, and could distinguish her escape-pipe, and kept on toward them until they supposed her to be not more than four miles off, they felt sure she could force her way through the ice to their position, and that in a little while they would be again on board. In this they were disappointed. The *Polaris* altered her course and disappeared behind the shore. Some time afterward, as the floe drifted away, she was again seen by some of the men, under the land, with her sails furled, and apparently at anchor, or made fast to the shore or the ice.

It is but natural that the party on the ice should have felt deeply disappointed at the failure of the ship to come to their relief, and should at the time have ascribed it to overcaution, if not indifference, rather than inability, on the part of her responsible commander. Neither is it unnatural that this feeling, fostered during the weary watches of their long winter upon the ice, should still remain to affect, in a greater or less degree, their present judgment on the subject; but it must not be forgotten that they, like ourselves, were and are without full information of the actual condition of the *Polaris* at the time spoken of, and can not know how far the real dangers of their position were understood and appreciated by those on board of her. The *Polaris* had been very roughly handled the night before; for hours she was without steam, unmanageable among the floating ice; she was still leaking badly; and as she was left without a single boat of any kind, it seems most likely that her actual condition was such as to impose upon her commander the duty of getting her, with the lives and property which remained under his charge, at once in a position of safety under the shelter of Northumberland Island, where she was last seen by the party on the floe. The first duty of Captain **Buddington**, under such circumstances, was to look to his vessel, particularly as he probably believed that the party on the ice could, by the aid of the two boats, the kyacks, and the scow in their possession, find their way back to the *Polaris* quite as easily as he could force his way to them.

With the marvelous voyage on the ice raft and the final rescue of the party by the steamer *Tigress* our readers are already familiar, and it only remains to give some account of the results of the expedition. The records of the astronomical, meteorological, magnetical, tidal, and other departments of the exploration appear to have been extremely full, and the observations in each appear to have been conducted according to approved methods. The collections of natural history are shown to have been not less extensive, the store-rooms of the *Polaris* being filled with skins and skeletons of musk-oxen, bears, and other animals, different species of birds and their eggs, numerous marine invertebrata, plants both recent and fossil, minerals, etc. Animal life abounded, musk-oxen being shot at intervals throughout the winter, their food consisting of the moss and other vegetation obtained during the season by scraping off the snow with their hoofs. Wolves, also bears and foxes, and other animals, were repeatedly observed. Geese, ducks, and other water-fowl, including plover and other wading birds, abounded during the summer, although the species of land birds were comparatively few, including, however, large numbers of ptarmigan, or snow partridge. No fish were seen, although the net and lines were frequently called into play in attempting to obtain them. The waters, however, were found filled tc an extraordinary degree with marine invertebrata, including jelly-fish and shrimps. Seals were very abundant. Numerous insects were observed also, especially several species of butterflies, flies, bees, and insects of like character.

The winter temperature was found to be much milder than was expected, the minimum being 58° below zero in January, although March proved to be the coldest month. Rain was occasionally observed, only on the land, however. During the summer the extent of both low lands and elevations was bare of snow and ice, excepting patches here and there in the shade of the rocks. The soil during this period was covered with a vegetation of moss, with which several arctic plants were interspersed, some of them of great beauty, but entirely without fragrance, and many small willows scarcely reaching the dignity of shrubs.

The geographical results of the expedition may be summed up briefly as follows: The open polar sea laid down by **Kane** and **Hayes** is found to be in reality a sound of considerable extent, formed by the somewhat abrupt expansion of Kennedy Channel to the northward, and broken by Lady Franklin Bay on the west, and on the east by a large inlet, twenty miles wide at the opening, and certainly extending far inland. Its length was not ascertained, and Mr. **Meyer** thinks it may be in fact a strait extending till it communicates with the Francis Joseph Sound of the *Germania* and *Hansa* expedition, and with it defining the northern limits of Greenland. This inlet was called the Southern Fiord. North of it, on the same side, is the indentation of the shore called Polaris Bay by Captain **Hall**, where the *Polaris* wintered, in latitude 81° 38′ north. The northern point of this bay was named Cape Lupton. Its southern point is yet without a name. From Cape Lupton the land trends to the northeast, and from the eastern shore of a new channel, from twenty-five to thirty miles wide, opening out of the sound above mentioned, to which Captain **Hall**, as has already been stated, gave the name of Robeson Straits. The western shore of these straits, north of Grinnell Land, is also nameless. Northeast of Cape Lupton, in latitude 81° 37′, is a deep inlet, which Captain **Hall** called Newman Bay, naming its northern point Cape Brevoort, and its southern bluff Sumner Headland. The trend of the land continues to Repulse Harbor, in latitude 82° 9′ north, the highest northern position reached by land during this expedition. From an elevation of 1700 feet at Repulse Harbor, on the east coast of Robeson Straits, the land continues northeast to the end of these straits, and thence east and southeast till lost in the distance, its vanishing point bearing south of east from the place of observation. No other land was visible to the northeast, but land was seen on the west coast, extending north as far as the eye could reach, and apparently terminating in a headland 84° north. Mr. **Meyer** also states that directly to the north he observed on a bright day, from the elevation mentioned, a line of light, apparently circular in form, which was thought by other observers to be land, but which he supposed to indicate open water. Besides ascertaining accurately the condition and extent of what was before supposed to be an open polar sea, discovering the Southern Fiord to the southeast, and Robeson Straits to the north, with another wide expanse of water beyond it, and extending, by examination and survey, the coast line on the east up to latitude 82° 9′ north, and by observation somewhat further prolonging the west coast to the northward, and passing with the *Polaris* under steam the high latitude of 82° 16′ north, a point far beyond the limits of all previous navigation toward the pole, errors in the shore line of the west coast as laid down by Dr. **Hayes**, and also errors in the shore line of Greenland as laid down by Dr. **Kane**, were observed and corrected.

Captain **Tyson**'s testimony in regard to the death of Captain **Hall** effectually disposes of the sensational rumors which had obtained currency to the prejudice of Captain **Buddington**. In his first delirium Captain **Hall** accused every body of attempting to injure him, but said nothing of the matter during his rational moments. The evening that he died Captain **Buddington** informed Captain **Tyson** that he was nearing his end, and **Tyson** went to the cabin to look at him. He lay upon his face in his berth, insensible, and breathing heavily, and at length passed quietly away without a word.

We close this article with a copy of the last dispatch of Captain **Hall**, made from what is apparently the original draft in his own handwriting, found among his personal papers in his writing-desk, which was preserved on the ice by the Esquimau **Joe**, and by him delivered to Secretary **Robeson**:

"Sixth Snow-house Encampment, Cape Brevoort, North-side Entrance to Newman Bay, latitude 82° 3′ north, longitude 61° 20′ west, *October* 20, 1871.

"*To the Honorable Secretary of the United States Navy, George M. Robeson:*

"Myself and party, consisting of Mr. **Chester**, first mate, my Esquimau **Joe**, and Greenland Esquimau **Hans**, left the ship in Winter-quarters—Thank God Harbor—latitude 81° 38′ north, longitude 61° 44′ west, at meridian of October 10, on a journey by two sledges drawn by fourteen dogs, to discover if possible a feasible route inland for my sledge to journey next Spring to reach the North Pole, purposing to adopt such a route if found better than a route over the old floes and hummocks of the strait, which I have denominated Robeson Strait, after the Honorable Secretary of the United States Navy. We arrived here the afternoon of October 17, having discovered a lake and river on our way. Along the latter our route, a most serpentine one, which led us on to this bay, fifteen miles distant from here, southward and eastward. From the top of an iceberg near the mouth of said river we could see that this bay (which I have named after Rev. Dr. **Newman**) extended to the high land eastward and southward of that position about fifteen miles, making the extent of Newman Bay, from its headland or cape, full thirty miles. The south cape is a high, bold, and noble headland. I have named it Sumner Headland, after Hon. **Charles Sumner**, the orator and United States Senator; and the north cape, Brevoort Cape, after J. **Carson Brevoort**, a strong friend to Arctic discoveries. On arriving here we found the mouth of Newman Bay open, the water having numerous seals in it bobbing up their heads. This open water making close to both Sumner Headland and Brevoort Cape, and the ice of Robeson Strait being on the move, debarred all chance of extending our journey on the ice up the strait. The mountainous land (none other about here) will not admit of our journeying further north, and as the time of our expected absence was understood to be for two weeks, we commence our return to-morrow morning. To-day we are storm-bound to this our sixth encampment. From Cape Brevoort we can see land extending on the west side of the strait to north twenty-two degrees west, and distant about seventy miles, thus making the land we discovered as far as latitude 83° 5′ north. There is the appearance of land farther north, and extending more easterly than what I have just noticed, but a peculiar dark nimbus cloud that constantly hangs over what seems to be land prevents my making a full determination. On August 31 the *Polaris* made her greatest northern latitude, 82° 29′ north, but after several attempts to get her further north, she became beset, when we were drifted down to about 81° 30′, when an opening occurred westward out of the pack, and made harbor September 3, where the *Polaris* is—" (A corner of the manuscript is here burned off.)

"Up to the time I and my party left the ship all have been well, and continue with high hopes of accomplishing our great mission. We find this a much warmer country than we expected. From Cape Alexander the mountains on either side of the Kennedy Channel and Robeson Strait were found entirely bare of snow and ice, with the exception of a glacier that we saw, commencing in about latitude 80° 30′ north, on the east side of the strait, and extending in an east-northeast direction as far as can be seen from the mountains by Polaris Bay. We have found that the country abounds with live seals, game, geese, ducks, musk cattle, rabbits, wolves, foxes, bears, partridges, lennings, etc. Our sailors have shot two seals in the open waters while at this encampment.

"Our long Arctic night commenced October 13, having seen only the upper limb of the sun above the glacier at meridian October 12.

"This dispatch to the Secretary of the Navy I finish at this moment, 8.23 P.M., having written it in ink in our snow hut. Thermometer outside minus 7°. Yesterday all day the thermometer minus 20° to 23°—that is, 20° minus to 23° minus Fahrenheit."

C F Hall

A copy of the dispatch was placed in a pillar at Cape Brevoort, October 21, 1871.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Not only the Presbyterians, but the Methodists of Canada, are preparing for union. There are two movements in progress, that for the union of all the Wesleyan Methodists of British America in one organization, and that for the union of the Wesleyans and the New Connection Methodists of Canada. If the first of these two schemes is consummated, there will be a general Conference composed in equal numbers of ministers and laymen, annual Conferences of ministers exclusively, and superintendents with episcopal functions. The name of the consolidated Church will be the "United Methodist Church of Canada." The second scheme is similar to the first.

The union of all the Calvinistic churches of the United States in one body promises to become an accomplished fact. The Synod of the Reformed Church, whose meeting in New Brunswick, New Jersey, has already been noticed, has appointed a committee of fifteen to take into consideration the whole subject of federal or organic union, to meet the committees from the other churches, and to report to the next Synod, at Poughkeepsie, New York. The speeches of fraternal delegates made to the Synod showed a strong desire for perfect union. The combined Presbyterian body will number over 700,000 members.

The Rev. Dr. S. S. **Schmucker**, of the Evangelical Lutheran Church, proposes a federal union of all Protestantism. He has given it the name of the Evangelical Alliance, and has invited the Assemblies which met in May and June to send delegates to a Conference in October next. This organic union of Protestant churches must not be confounded with the Evangelical Alliance which has held General Conferences in several capitals of the Old World during the last quarter century. The latter is an association of individual Christians; Dr. **Schmucker**'s schemes contemplate a federal union of churches.

The General Assembly of the Catholic Committees of France was held in Paris, May 19–24. Many leading Catholics of Paris, as also the archbishop, and delegates from the provinces, were present. The following resolution adopted is important: "We hope that all the Catholic gentlemen belonging to the National Assembly will do their utmost to see that a Christian education is given to youth, and we also beseech all Catholics throughout the country to do their best to second the bishops and clergy in their efforts to prevent the encroachment of infidelity in our educational establishments, as also to aid them in the founding of universities for the benefit of Catholic young men, where they may be sent without danger to their faith." The Catholics of France are determined, if possible, to control, through the reactionary Assembly, the education of the people.

On June 11, in St. Mary's Protestant Episcopal Church, Brooklyn, four candidates were admitted to the office of deaconess by the bishop of the diocese. There are now eleven deaconesses in the diocese of Long Island, who are well reported of for character and efficiency in good works. The admission of the four was accompanied by services of great interest.

The Society for the Promotion of Collegiate and Theological Education in the West (Congregational) held its annual meeting in Bridgeport, Connecticut, on June 10. The report of the treasurer stated that the receipts for the last seven and a half months have been $79,000, and the expenditures nearly the same. Reports from colleges were received, and new projects for the West discussed.

Of the success of Father **Hyacinthe** in Geneva, the reports continue to be very abundant. About 1300 persons have given in their adhesion to the principles of the new association, which is styled "the Society of Liberal Catholics in Geneva." Its object is announced to be "to combat the ultramontane doctrines." The Salle de la Réformation, in which Father **Hyacinthe**'s discourses are delivered, is crowded even for the Wednesday evening lecture. The Epistle and the Gospel are read in French, and it is intended ultimately to perform the whole service in that language. The Lord's Supper is administered in one kind, though it is said that this sacrament will in time be administered in both kinds to the people. Of the congregation only about 500 are reported to be Protestants; the rest are Catholics.

The latest religion is Aetherism, its inventor a German metaphysician, **Spiller** by name.

On Monday, May 26, the question of the bishopric of Madagascar was before the Propagation Society. The Archbishop of York presided. A letter from the Archbishop of Canterbury was read, declining to assume the responsibility of consecrating without the royal license. It was decided to ask the Scotch bishops to consecrate, and a committee was appointed to select a suitable candidate to be presented to them for that purpose.

Sir **Robert Anstruther**, a lay officer of the Established Church of Scotland and a member of Parliament, has given notice of his intention "to call upon government to abolish or materially modify patronage in that establishment, on account of the mischief it has occasioned."

The London Yearly Meeting of the Friends closed on May 31. It was very numerously attended. The query in relation to the payment of tithes and church-rates was removed from the minutes, so as to leave to Friends more individual liberty in the matter. A committee of eighty Friends was appointed to visit the whole of the society in England. Epistles to ten Yearly Meetings in America were adopted.

Bishop **Whipple**, of Minnesota, has written an earnest letter to the *Evening Post* of this city, in which he says that the Modocs were years ago the victims of just such treachery as they have recently practiced upon our Peace Commissioners. At a parley under a flag of truce forty Modocs were killed, and among them the father of the Schonshin who killed Dr. Thomas. The bishop claims that only such a policy as that adopted by President Grant will settle the Indian question. Under it already "hundreds of Indians have become civilized and Christianized. Where six years ago you only heard the horrid sounds of the scalp dance, you now hear songs of praise and the voice of prayer. The Episcopal Church has four Indian clergymen and hundreds of communicants, and other religious bodies have been equally blessed. The worst evils of the old system of Indian contracts have been done away."

The Methodist Episcopal missionaries in Mexico have made discoveries which show that the horrors of the Inquisition are not fables. One of the properties purchased for the use of the mission is a Dominican convent in the city of Puebla. The wife of the superintendent, Mrs. Butler, writes that Dr. Butler has been shown the cells where the victims of the Inquisition were immured, and that he has stood in them. Some of them were about six feet high and three wide, having a little hole where the martyr might put his hand out for food. Others had a contrivance for causing a drop of water to trickle on the head until the brain became diseased, and so on. These cells were found filled with the remains of those who perished under the tender mercies of the inquisitors.

Rev. Messrs. Howe and M'Clellan, the representatives of the Close Communion Baptists of England, who have come to this country to procure aid for the endowment of a Close Communion college, have had a warm reception from the Baptists of Brooklyn. They, however, admit that they represent the minority of English Baptists. All the Baptist theological schools in England are under the control of the Open Communionists.

The Italian law on religious corporations, which has been announced as having passed the Chamber of Deputies, has also passed the Senate. Four hundred thousand francs are to be annually appropriated for the support of the generals and other heads of orders in Rome. After the death of the present heads the state will take possession of their houses.

The General Assembly of the Cumberland Presbyterians, which met at Huntsville, Alabama, May 15, appointed a committee on union with the Northern Presbyterian Church. The Assembly was somewhat surprised by the proposal of union made to the Assembly in Baltimore through its own delegate, but ratified it so far as to appoint a committee. The relief of worn-out ministers was discussed, and the subject referred to the consideration of the Presbyteries.

The sessions of the General Assembly of the Free Church of Scotland, which began on May 22, were attended by a great concourse of people. May 28 was fixed for the debate on the "Mutual Eligibility" scheme. This scheme has been proposed as a substitute for the plan of union with the United Presbyterians. It provides that ministers of the several non-established churches of Scotland may receive calls from each other's congregations, and be inducted into the pastoral office on signing their respective formulæ. The leader of the anti-unionists, the Rev. Dr. Begg, opposed the scheme with great energy; it was supported by Dr. Buchanan and Principal Candlish. After a long debate, Dr. Begg and his associates withdrew their objections, and consented to the sending of the plan to the Presbyteries for adoption. It was thought at one time that the contest over this question would lead to a division of the Free Church. Such a catastrophe has happily been averted.

The Assembly debated on the 30th of May the disestablishment question, and finally adopted a resolution offered by the Rev. Dr. Adam, which stated that "the Scotch State Church was indefensible on Scriptural grounds, and that it is the duty of the Free Church to assume an attitude of watchfulness in respect of the ritualism and rationalism legalized in the Church of England, and declaring that the maintenance of established churches in the actual circumstances of the country tends necessarily to embody the principle of concurrent endowment of truth and error; but also declaring that, while it concerns the highest interests of religion and of the country, this state of things should be brought to an end, the main duty of the Free Church lies in the line of so using its influence that the public mind may be prepared for dealing with the question wisely and Scripturally when it comes to be decided." There was no opposition expressed to the principle of disestablishment. It was reported that the total amount contributed during the year to the Central Sustentation Scheme was £136,332, which gave a dividend of £150 to each minister on the equal dividend platform.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Opposite the Central Park, on Fifth Avenue and Seventy-second Street, stands the Lenox Library, not yet complete, but so far progressed that its exterior architectural beauty excites much admiration. The edifice, consisting of a main building and two wings, has a frontage on Fifth Avenue of 192 feet, while its depth is 114 feet. The height of the main building is 96 feet, and standing as it does upon the highest ground in New York, the prospect from the windows is charming. The stone chiefly used in the erection is Lockport limestone; and the exterior ornaments are graceful allegorical designs representing the fine arts. The library and reading-rooms are upon three floors, and are capacious and well arranged. Several rooms are designed for art galleries, and other apartments are appropriated to the use of the directors, the janitor, and for various other purposes. The building is believed to be as nearly fire-proof as any edifice in the country. The plans for heating and ventilation are peculiar; and all the book-cases are made entirely of iron. The entire cost of the building will be between four and five hundred thousand dollars, exclusive of the value of the lots. It was in January, 1870, that the Lenox Library was incorporated; and by the act passed the trustees were directed to receive from Mr. Lenox his collection of manuscripts, printed books, engravings and maps, statuary, paintings, drawings, and other works of art; also a certain sum of money to be used for the establishment of a public library, and real estate for a site for the same in the neighborhood of Central Park. The act further empowered the trustees to spend a part of the sum bestowed for erecting the library, and in the purchase of furniture and other things appertaining to a library for general use. The residue is to be used for maintaining and gradually increasing the library and defraying the necessary expenses.

There is in Illinois a dairy-farm which sends into the market butter of a peculiar freshness and delicacy. It contains no buttermilk, and but little salt. The secret of this perfect butter is that it is churned daily from fresh milk. There is no "setting" of the milk, no skimming of cream; no vexatious care to secure cool cellars, fresh air, and equal temperature. The fresh milk, simply allowed to cool after the milking, is churned by mechanical power, and by the same means the buttermilk is thoroughly worked out. In our variable climate it is almost impossible that butter from the same dairy should be uniformly the same. A remedy for this difficulty is said to be found in the method practiced by this Illinois factory—churning the fresh milk instead of stale cream.

In Germany, Holland, the United States, and in England tobacco costs more than bread! This is a fact worthy of consideration.

Naples is not a very popular place with travelers, notwithstanding its fine scenery, its antique relics, and its proximity to Vesuvius. In fact, it is such a dirty city that visitors are impelled to make short stay therein. The sanitary condition of Naples is now arousing the attention of medical men, for the bills of mortality show the inevitable result of neglect of cleanliness. It is hoped that strong public feeling may be awakened which will cause the authorities of the city to rouse to action.

Some green tea recently examined by Dr. Letheby, of London, was found to contain from forty to forty-three per cent. of iron filings, and nineteen per cent. of silica in the form of fine sand, which had been cleverly mixed with and added to the leaves before curling with a view to increase their weight and bulk. After the leaves were curled they had been thickly covered with green pigment. When it was infused in boiling water it produced a very turbid solution, offensive to the smell and nauseous to the taste.

The summer of 1837 was a cold one. On June 11 of that year there were snow-squalls during the day in Western Massachusetts, and at night plowed fields were frozen so deep that the frozen crust of earth would sustain the weight of a man the following morning. Fruits and many classes of vegetation were destroyed, and in many towns not a bushel of ripe grain was harvested the following autumn.

Before becoming a true gourmand with respect to shell-fish, as they are popularly but erroneously called, there is a good deal to overcome. Those animals which, yielding to the persuasions of a stout pin, come out of their shells black and curly, like the periwinkle, or white and curly, like the whelk, may be very good, but their contour is so tortuous as to suggest uncomfortable ideas. It is best to begin with bivalves, after a due consumption of which the appetite for this kind of food becomes uncontrollable. The Marseillais, who enjoy excellent opportunities for acquiring this taste, since the Mediterranean sea-board produces edible mollusks of surpassing quality, have established kiosks all along the approaches to the old harbor, in which oysters, mussels, cockles, and other bivalves are displayed for sale. It is curious to see the passers-by going to and from their business stop before the shelves on which they are displayed, getting them opened, sprinkling them with lemon, devouring them, paying for them, and darting off in all haste, but eager to repeat the snack on their return. This goes on from morning till night. If, however, the customer's choice has fallen upon mussels, his visit is not soon repeated. The mussel of Marseilles is unusually large, and a dozen specimens of him will satisfy the most voracious person for some time.

The engagement between Prince Alfred, the Duke of Edinburgh, and the Grand Duchess Maria is now an established fact, and very soon official publicity will be given to the proposed marriage. The dowry of the bride will be a hundred thousand dollars a year, besides something like a million dollars to "fall back upon." It is said that the Grand Duchess is not beautiful, but is amiable. She is of diminutive stature, and not of queenly presence, but then she has handsome and expressive eyes, which may, probably *does*, please her intended husband better. She is of partial German descent. Her mother, the present Empress, was a princess of Hesse-Darmstadt, and her grandmother, the wife of Nicholas, was the sister of the present Emperor of Germany. The Grand Duchess has been spending the spring at Sorrento with her mother. Of course Prince Alfred has been there also.

A vellum copy of the Mazarin Bible, the first book ever printed with movable metal types, and executed by Gutenberg and Faust, about 1450, was recently sold in London. It had belonged to the library of Mr. Perkins, a wealthy London brewer, who possessed one of the rarest private collections in existence. This Bible is in two large folio volumes, each containing 641 pages, and printed with great clearness and beauty. The margins are illuminated with figures and devices beautifully executed by hand. Only eighteen copies of this work are known to exist, four on vellum, and fourteen on paper, and nearly all are in possession of institutions. Of the vellum copies, one is in the Royal Library at Berlin, one at Paris, and the remaining two are in England—one in the British Museum, the other, and best copy of all, is this which has been in the library of Mr. Perkins. Of the paper copies, ten are in Great Britain, three in the public libraries of Oxford, London, and Edinburgh, and seven in private hands, one in the Perkins collection, making two copies of this rare work in the same collection. There are also paper copies at St. Petersburg, Vienna, Munich, and one in the Lenox Library in this city. The vellum copy to which we have referred was originally purchased, in 1825, from the University of Mentz, for £525, by a London dealer, who sold it to the father of Mr. Perkins.

The London *Lancet* recounts the following accident which recently happened at the Royal Italian Theatre, and very nearly proved serious to Madame Patti. The performance was *Dinorah*, in which, at the close of the second act, the heroine is supposed to cross a bridge, which breaks down. During certain changes Madame Patti, making room for others, leaned against a screen, which gave way, and her right foot slipped through a small gap in the platform nearly up to the hip joint. She fell backward, and it was some seconds before she could be extricated. She was carried in a state of insensibility to her room, where she received professional attendance. Though somewhat severely bruised and shaken, Madame Patti had sustained no serious injury, and, with characteristic courage, as soon as she came to herself she dressed for the next act, and begged that the accident might pass unnoticed. She played her part to the close of the opera with her accustomed animation and effect, and none could have guessed that the fair Dinorah's recovery from her swoon after her rescue by Hoel had received so realistic an interpretation behind the scenes.

When the time comes for women to take their places in the halls of Congress, one Missouri lady will be fully qualified for the position. Her history is thus briefly told: Before eloping with the darling of her heart, she had an interview with her father's bureau drawer, and voted herself an increase of back pay to the extent of $1000. She would have nobly taken more, but that was all there was to take.

June has been, on the whole, most delightfully cool thus far. Doubtless our heated term will burst upon us suddenly, perhaps before the month of roses has fully passed. But we have had the opportunity of enjoying some very charming weather, which we should take thankfully, without grumbling at future possible, or even probable, ills. The watering-places are just beginning to wear a lively aspect—later than usual, since the heat has not been sufficient to drive many from the city as yet.

This is the way the story comes from Southern papers: A Louisville widower, whose wife had extorted from him on her dying bed a solemn promise that he would never marry again, grew weary of his lonely life after a while and took a second wife. But his perfidy was terribly punished. The groom had provided the bridal cake and locked it up carefully in a room in his dwelling. After the ceremony he sent for it, and the cake was found strewn in minute fragments upon the floor, bolts and bars not having prevailed to stay the hand of his righteously indignant first wife. We have very little knowledge of such matters in Louisville, but in New York we should simply say that the rats had got at the cake, and found it very good.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

In the recent death of Mr. George Gibbs, at New Haven, natural science in America loses one of her most active and successful votaries; as, while an eminent specialist in the line of ethnology and philology, his general contributions to the geology and natural history of the West, either directly or through his associates, have added greatly to our knowledge of a region in which he spent many years of his life.

He was born on the 9th of July, 1815, at Sandwich, Long Island, near what is now Astoria, and was educated at the famous Round Hill School, at Northampton, Massachusetts, where, it is thought, he derived some of that special bent toward science which characterized him through after-life. He entered Harvard Law School, after leaving Round Hill, about 1834, and continued his studies in an office in New York, where he commenced practice in 1837. His tastes for natural history were early manifested in the form of a large collection of birds, gathered and mounted by himself, before he was twenty years of age. His first literary effort was the preparation of a life of his grandfather, Oliver Wolcott, Secretary of the Treasury during the administrations of Washington and Adams. This was published by subscription, in 1846, in two volumes, octavo, under the title of "*Memoirs of the Administrations of Washington and Adams*, edited from the papers of Oliver Wolcott, Secretary of the Treasury."

Mr. Gibbs continued the practice of law in New York till 1849, when he determined to visit the Pacific coast, and joined the regiment of Mounted Rifles in their overland march from St. Louis to California, whence, after a short stay, he proceeded to Oregon. In 1854 he was appointed Collector of the Port of Astoria, which office he held during the administration of Mr. Fillmore, after which he removed to a ranch a few miles from Fort Steilacoom, in Washington Territory. From that period his leisure was devoted to researches among the Indian tribes and their languages, although he was also engaged much of the time on various government exploring expeditions as geologist, or in some other capacity. He occupied the position of geologist to the survey of a railroad route to the Pacific under Major Stevens, in which he was associated with Drs. George Suckley and J. G. Cooper as naturalists, and to whose reports he contributed a great deal of important information.

In 1857 he became a member of the Northwest Boundary Survey under Mr. Archibald Campbell as commissioner, and with General J. G. Parke as chief engineer officer, and prepared an elaborate report upon the geology and natural history of the country after the close of the survey.

He returned to New York in 1860, and for several years resided in Washington, mainly occupied as secretary of the Hudson Bay Claims Commission, but also engaged in elaborating the immense mass of matter bearing upon the ethnology and philology of the American Indians. His services were secured by the Smithsonian Institution to superintend its labors in this direction, and to his energy and ability it largely owes the success of its efforts.

Mr. Gibbs was married in 1871, and removed to New Haven, where he died on the 9th of April, 1873. At the time of his death he was engaged in superintending the printing, on the part of the Smithsonian Institution, of a quarto volume of vocabularies of the American Indians, having carefully arranged and criticised many hundred series. In this he was assisted by Dr. Roehrig, of Cornell University; and this gentleman, it is understood, will continue the direction of the publication. An extensive collection of papers in the Indian languages was bequeathed by Mr. Gibbs to the Smithsonian Institution.

A material increase is reported in the number of shad in the Susquehanna during the present season, probably partly in consequence of the measures already taken for their protection in the way of fish-ways at Columbia, and certain restrictive measures. The high freshets in the river have, indeed, broken down the dam at Columbia, which was the first serious obstacle to the passage of the shad, and they have been taken as high up as the first dam in the Juniata, where the Pennsylvania Commissioners now propose to commence shad-hatching operations. There is every reason to believe that should the proposed additional fish-ways be successful, shad will before long be abundant in the river as high up as Wilkesbarre on the east branch, and Muncy on the west.

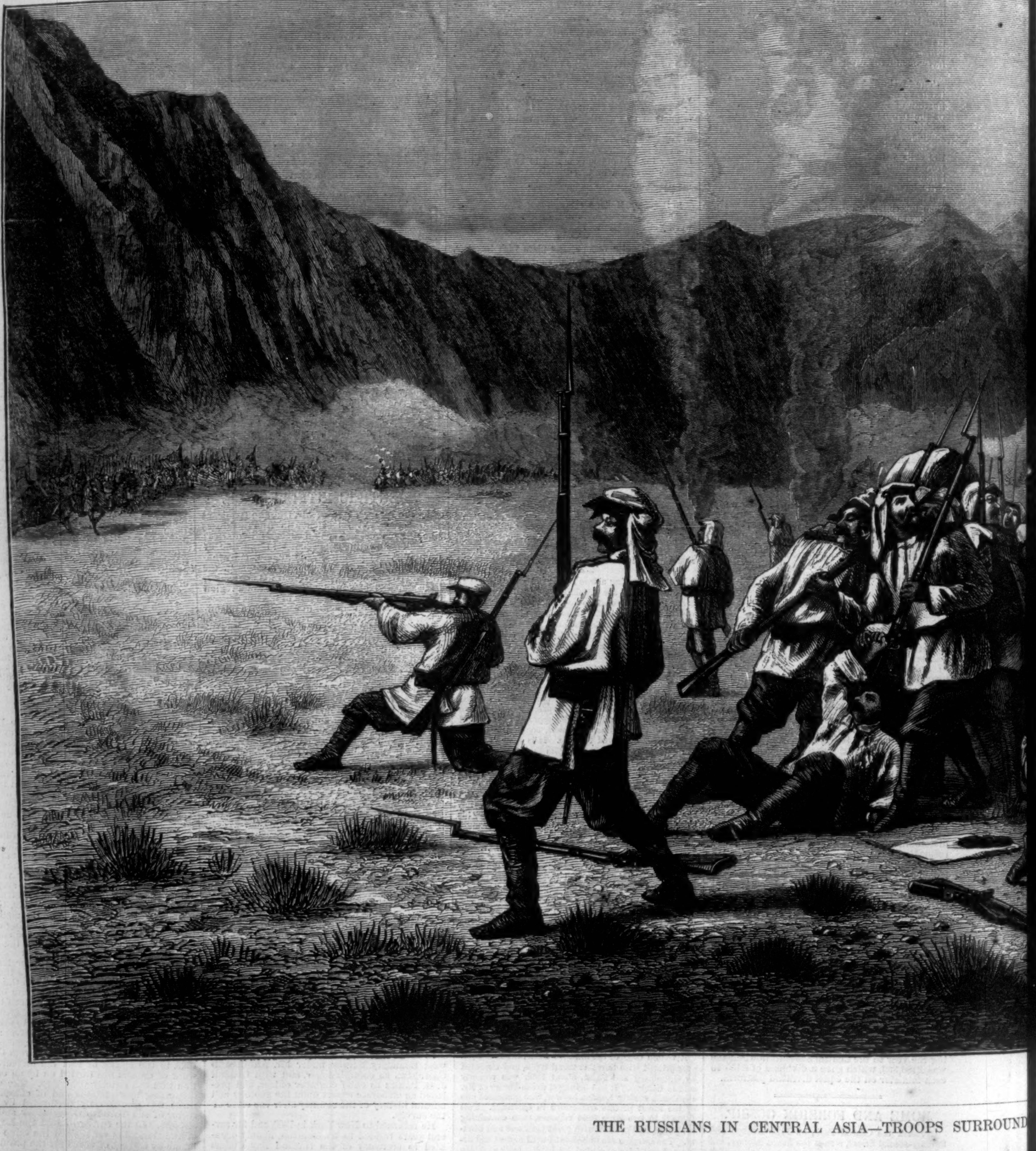
From the *Weekly Weather Chronicle* of the Army Signal-office, for the week ending Wednesday, June 18, we gather the following general facts. Two extended storms have moved across the northern portions of the United States into the British Provinces; a third storm is now located north of Lake Superior. Local storms have been numerous. The rain-fall seems to have been on the average much lighter than during the previous week; the greatest amounts are reported from Virginia and Georgia, and, indeed, all the stations at which more than one inch fell during the week are quoted as lying in the Southern States. Light rains have continued very generally in the East and West. The state of the waters in the rivers is reported as follows: the Red and Arkansas have changed but little; the Upper Missouri has risen, but the lower portion of the river has fallen one or two feet. The Upper Mississippi has risen two feet or less, but a fall of from one to three feet is reported below St. Louis. The Ohio has fallen at Cincinnati, but risen five feet at Paducah.

In connection with the preceding, we note the general complaint from the Southern and Western planters of a little too much rain for the season.

We much regret having to announce the death, on May 22, of Mr. Robert M'Andrew, F.R.S., at his residence, Isleworth House, England, in the seventy-second year of his age. His researches by dredging in the North Atlantic from Hammerfest to the Canary Isles, as well as in the Mediterranean and Gulf of Suez, produced most important additions to our knowledge of the geographical distribution of the marine invertebrate fauna. He was an excellent conchologist, having derived his taste for that branch of natural history about thirty years ago from the lamented Edward Forbes. Mr. M'Andrew was at that time engaged in commerce, but latterly devoted his ample means and time to the pursuit of science. We believe he has left his extensive collection of shells to the University Museum at Cambridge. The National Museum of Art, Washington, is indebted to him for valuable specimens of shells of the British seas, the Mediterranean, the Gulf of Suez, etc.

Much gratification is felt in Peru at the discovery of a new coal deposit near Pisco, which is said to be one of the best and richest on the Pacific coast, and the locomotives on the Ica and Pisco Railway are using it with great success. The mine is situated close to the sea, and near a perfectly safe harbor, and the coal is said to be finer in quality than any in Chili, and of great extent, and, if so, must prove to be of very great economical value.

The meteorological system of the Dominion of Canada is, as most of the citizens of the United States are aware, in a very prosperous condition, and has many features of the weather bureau of our own country. From the second annual report of the superintendent, Professor G. Kingston, of Toronto, we learn that the organization embraced (in January, 1873) one central station, Toronto, seven chief stations, eleven telegraphic reporting stations, and one hundred and twenty-six ordinary stations. Among these last are included thirty-eight light-houses, by the addition of which Professor Kingston has materially added to the value of his net-work of observing stations, which has become one of the best in the world, and is specially valuable in that it supplements the extensive system now under the direction of the War Department. As most of the observers are volunteers, the entire expense to the government of the maintenance of this system (including the hoisting of warning storm signals) amounted to the small sum of eight thousand dollars. Under the heading of "Recent progress and present condition of meteorology in Canada," Professor Kingston says: "Prior to the autumn of 1869 there were but few meteorological observers in the Dominion....Being dissatisfied with a state of affairs so discreditable,....I addressed myself by letter and in person to those actually engaged in meteorological observations, and also to others.... The result has been a steady increase in the number of observers and in the exactness and regularity of the observations. From October, 1869, to the spring of 1871 the meteorological work of Canada was carried on by an organization that was strictly voluntary. The work of organizing new stations and of compiling returns was gratuitously performed by the director of the Toronto Observatory and his assistants. In the spring of 1871 the Legislature of the Dominion recognized the value of these labors by a grant of $5000 for the promotion of meteorological research, and with a special view of preparing the way for establishing a system of storm signals....I have always entertained the opinion that a system of weather prognostications would have been placed eventually on a firmer footing if its establishment could have been postponed till greater development had been given to the....statistical stations. Had it not been for the action of the United States during the last three years the course just indicated by me would have been the wisest. The fact, however, that the United States have inaugurated a very liberal and extensive scheme, and that the observations taken at upward of sixty stations distributed throughout that country can be placed at the disposal of Canada on the easy condition of paying the cost of the telegrams from Buffalo to Toronto, is a very strong reason why Canada should enter on a work now which in other circumstances would have been better postponed....With respect to the dispatch of warning signals to Canadian ports,.... I have thought it better to make an arrangement with the Signal-office at Washington whereby notices of disturbances which are likely to reach any part of the Dominion are sent to me from Washington."



THE RUSSIANS IN CENTRAL ASIA—TROOPS SURROUND

ON THE ROAD TO KHIVA.

The powerful double-page illustration which we lay before our readers this week, engraved from a painting by **Basil Wereschagin**, will afford a very clear idea of the difficulties encountered by the Russian army in its march across the fearful deserts which have been regarded as an effectual barrier against a hostile advance on Khiva. The subject is a detachment of Russian troops surrounded by a horde of Central Asian cavalry, and contending against apparently hopeless odds. Standing at bay, and resolved to sell their lives as dearly as possible, the devoted band will make many a wild barbarian bite the dust; but in the end, unless succor arrive, they will be shot down and trampled under the hoofs of the sanguinary horsemen that hover about them, like a pack of wolves about a wounded buffalo, waiting until their victim falls.

Under ordinary circumstances there could be no doubt as to the result of a Russian expedition against an Oriental tribe; and it seems almost absurd, at first sight, to speak of a contest between a vast empire, of boundless military resources, and an insignificant khanate, whose sovereign stands alone, and can command no allies except a few from among the uncertain and feeble nomad tribes which surround his little dominion. Yet it must not be forgotten that thirty years ago, in the reign of the Emperor **Nicholas**, these very Khivans not only repulsed but destroyed a Russian invading force of 12;000 men, and purchased for themselves by that successful resistance an immunity from similar attacks which has lasted till this day. No doubt the severity of winter proved on that occasion more fatal to General **Perovski**'s expedition than the skirmishes with the Uzbek cavalry; but these warriors of the desert proved themselves, it is said, no contemptible enemies on their own soil.

The present expedition, it is true, is organized on a different footing from that of General **Perovski**; but there are many very serious difficulties to contend with which may delay the Russian advance, and involve a disastrous loss of life. The first of these arises from the geographical position of Khiva itself. The khanate occupies an oasis of extremely fertile soil, highly productive and well peopled, owing all its prosperity, and its very existence, indeed, to irrigation from the river Oxus, which passes through the heart of it. For ages which go back beyond the dawn of Oriental history the great stream has performed its annual task of feeding and enriching the dwellers on its banks—a very mixed people of Touranian and Iranian elements, strongly welded together, not by sympathies of race, but by long submission to hereditary government, and by fanatical adherence to the tenets of Islam. Khiva, the capital, consists only, according to **Vámbéry**, of "three or four thousand mud houses, standing in different directions in the most irregular manner, with uneven and unwashed walls, and surrounded by a wall ten feet high, also made of mud." But the environs are rich and populous. The people are born horsemen, inheriting all the habits of their Tartar ancestors, except that they have exchanged a vagrant for an agricultural life, and have become accustomed to war as well as robbery, though some philo-Russians have disputed their bravery. "The Khivan character," says **Vámbéry**, "though rough drawn, is the finest in Central Asia." The Uzbeks are the leading race, not only here but in the khanate of Bokhara also. "The Khivan Uzbek is honest and open-hearted; he has the savage nature of the nomads that surround him, without the refined cunning of Oriental civilization." He "betrays the mixture of his blood with the Iran elements, for he has a beard, always to be regarded in the Touranis as a foreign peculiarity; but his complexion and form of countenance indicate very often genuine Tartar origin." The complexion is extremely white, more particularly that of the women, who (a certain allowance being made for the almond-like set of their eyes) might readily be taken for natives of Suabia. The men are large-boned and sinewy, fellows with large heads and broad foreheads; fellows, moreover, whose beard-growth is nothing to boast of. Their solid footfall and heavy rolling gait, when passing on with eyes half closed and sleepy-looking, are bodily characteristics
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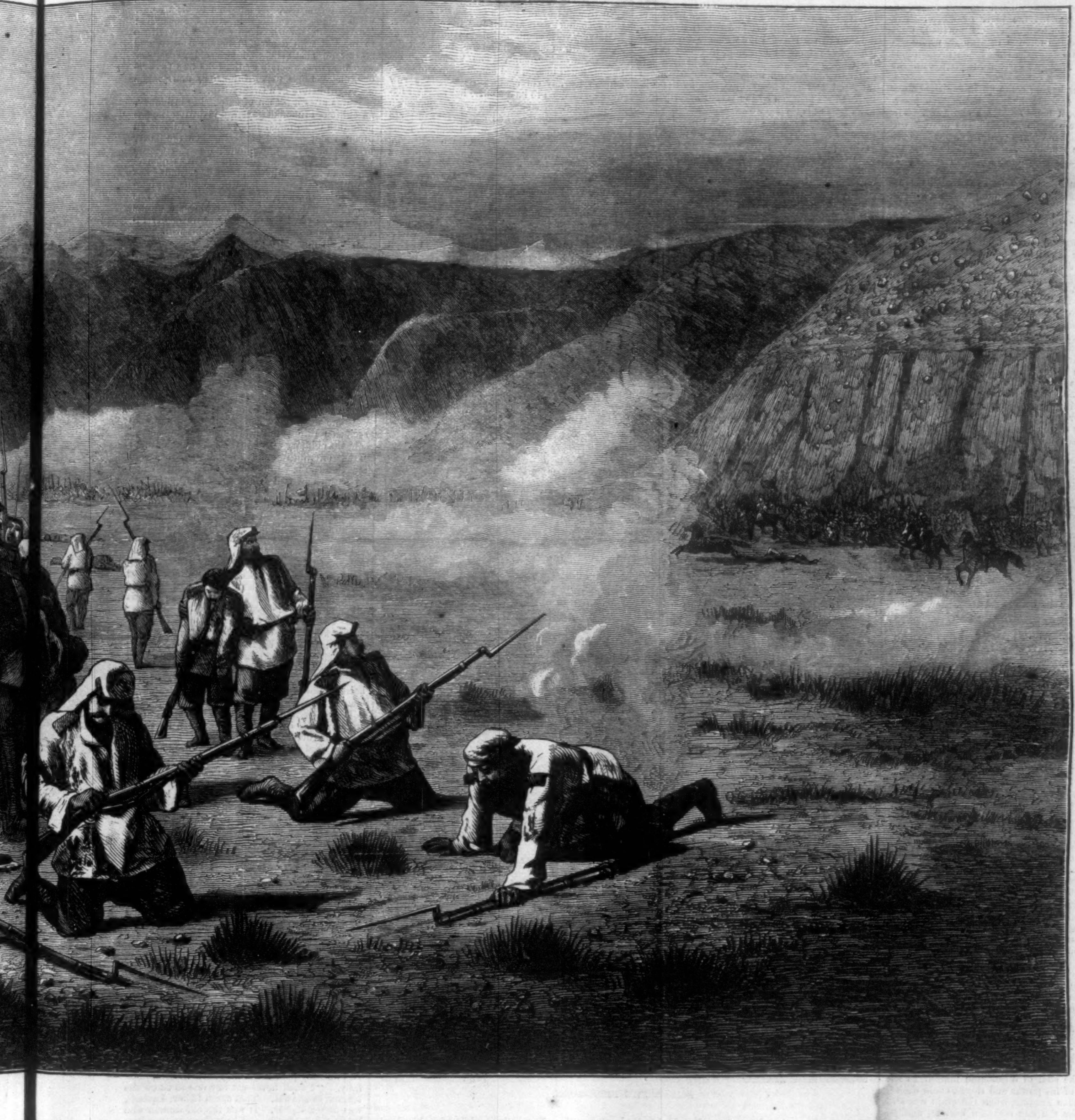

UND AND PURSUED.—[From the Picture by Basil Wereschagin.]

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evelop oetical traits. "In an ancient stronghold of barbarity," says Vámbéry, "in a land of most repulsive cruelty, where the very air is full of shrieks of tortured slaves, where blood often flows in streams, there shall the reader gaze upon a picture where poetry mingles with the softest traits and purest characteristics of an ancient patriarchal life. For many centuries past Khiva has been celebrated for its music and song, its poetry and troubadours. In Bokhara the stork, in Khiva the nightingale, is the favorite bird. This I heard in Turkey, and, in truth, I subsequently found the plaintive warbler no less markedly frequent in Khiva than its absence had been noteworthy in Bokhara. As I would take a morning walk in the month of June under the garden walls of the Uzbek capital, out of almost each one of the thickly leaved trees would gush the melodious, plaintive song of some gray-feathered *virtuoso*, giving me a morning concert gratis. 'The nightingale has been the music-master through long years to the entire Khivan population:' thus runs the adage, and, whether true or not, it is still a historical fact that for centuries past the best singers, violin and guitar players, known at Constantinople, Ispahan, Lahore, and the ancient Ferghanas (where they acquired and still acquire princely favor and corresponding pay), were and are Khivans. Throughout entire Turkestan, among the Afghans in Northern Persia—every where, in short, where the Turcoman language is known—good music is designated by the term '*Urgendsch*'—that is to say, appertaining to Khiva. Just as a traveler in Italy may sometimes hear most excellent music in a low pot-house, so in Khiva would he be similarly delighted by song and instrumental music under the shade of garden walls, or even in the open country. Not less generally diffused is the taste for recitation and poetry. In these accomplishments the women specially excel, and when a stranger comes to understand the somewhat difficult rhythm, he readily attests the lyrical excellence of these native compositions. I have seen whole collections of this Uzbek poesy. The lyrics usually manifest the current traits of Oriental thought. Not often can they be said to show much originality, yet for women of a barbarous land to cultivate the Muses at all is a somewhat remarkable phenomenon. The *Maïmes*, those of mature age particularly, have often surprised me by the force of their parables, their many tales embodying moral precepts or traits of Khivan life."

It is not by their military strength that the Khivans form an impediment to the aggressive policy of Russia in the East. Khiva is, as we have said, an oasis surrounded by a formidable desert; but those portions of the desert which lie west and north of the khanate are within the nominal limits of Russia. Khiva, in fact, intrudes itself and intercepts communication between sundry outlying sections of the Czar's Asiatic provinces; and, from its central position, it threatens several surrounding points at the same time. The chief posts of Russia on the eastern shore of the Caspian, Alexandrovsk to the north, Krasnovodsk to the south, are within an easy rush of the Uzbek horsemen from Khiva, and can be effectually prevented from assisting each other. To the northeast Khiva menaces the Russian lines on the Jaxartes (Sir-Daria) and on the Irghiz; to the northwest, those on the Emba; and two or three hundred miles north of the Emba lies Orenburg, the head-quarters of Russian civil and military organization in that part of the empire, for the safety of which, it is reported, fears are already entertained.

The same circumstances of position which render Khiva formidable as an assailant, so long as the Russian forces are few and detached, tend to destroy her security when the great empire collects her forces and surrounds her adversary with an overwhelming force of disciplined men. Russia has now about 30,000 men in Central Asia, and with little effort, by means of her present railway system, could easily double the number. Meanwhile, however, the advance is meeting with many embarrassments. Raiding parties of horsemen hang upon the flanks of the invading army, and annoy the troops by incessant attacks. Detached parties fall a prey to these watchful enemies, and considerable losses are reported in camels and baggage. But the advance is steadily pushed, despite all obstacles, and recent dispatches report that the Orenburg division and the column which started from Mangy-Shlak, on the eastern shore of the Caspian, effected a junction on the 26th of May before Khojaili. Here the Khivans made a stand, and the next day the combined Russian forces attacked and carried the place by storm. The enemy fled southward, closely pursued, until they reached the fortress of Mangit, where, receiving reinforcements, they made preparations for another attempt to check the progress of the Russians.

The latter having come up in sufficient force by the 1st of June, another battle took place, this time of a more desperate character. The Khivans were again defeated, the fortress was captured, and the remains of their army fell back toward the capital. At the last accounts the Russian commander was pushing on in the same direction.

Intelligence has also been received that General KAUFFMAN, commanding the eastern column from Tashkend, has crossed the Amu-Daria River at a point only twenty-five miles from Khiva.

The Khan of Khiva, at the gates of whose capital the Russian cannon are already thundering, is described as a man of twenty-seven years of age, with great military abilities and insatiable ambition, who openly proclaimed a short time since his determination not to leave a foot of ground to the foreign invaders in Central Asia, and who has for some time been securing allies for a campaign against Russia. He not only sent his emissaries into the Russian territory of Mangischlach to stir up an insurrection among the Kirghiz, but dispatched an embassy to Calcutta to apply for the assistance of England. The Viceroy of India advised a reconciliation with Russia, upon which the Khivan embassador replied: "This can not be, for Russia has deeply offended the Khan. She has not even sent him a dispatch sealed with a golden seal, though he is equal in rank to all other sovereigns." At a grand Khivan council held by the Khan some of the members declared themselves opposed to a war with Russia. YESI-MOURAD, one of the Khan's uncles, rose and said: "When I was a boy people were already talking of the danger of a Russian invasion. This danger was averted. The Muscovite fears us. I have grown old, and have not seen a Russian yet, nor shall we see them in our country. But if we act like cowards, and give up our prisoners, our power will depart from us. The Turcomans and Kirghiz will attack us, and Khiva will be shamefully subdued."

STRANGERS AND PILGRIMS.

BY MISS BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "THE LOVELS OF ARDEN," "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," ETC.

Book the Third.

CHAPTER V.

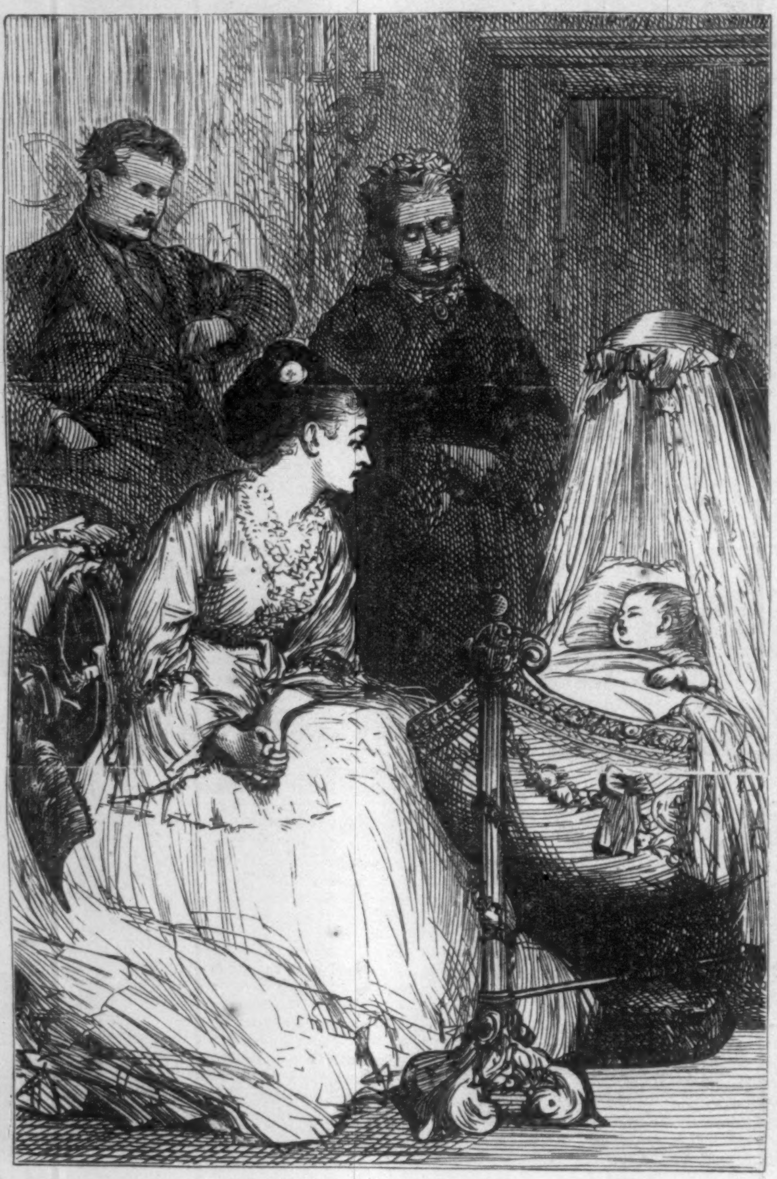
"I strive to number o'er what days
Remembrance can discover,
Which all that life or earth displays
Would lure me to live over.
There rose no day, there rolled no hour
Of pleasure unimbittered;
And not a trapping decked my power
That galled not while it glittered."

THEY were at Slogh-na-Dyack, in Argyleshire, where, at the foot of a heather-clothed mountain that ran up almost perpendicularly to meet the skies, Lord Paulyn had bought for himself a palatial abode, in that Norman-Gothic style which pervades the mansions of the North—a massive pile of building flanked by sugar-loaf towers, with one tall turret dominating the rest, as a look-out for the lord of the castle when it was his fancy to sweep the waters with his falcon gaze. It is almost impossible to imagine a more delicious habitation, sheltered front and rear by those lofty hills, the blue waters of the Kyles of Bute lapping against its garden terrace; a climate equal to Torquay; long ranges of orchard houses, where peaches and nectarines ripened as under Italian skies; orangeries, vineries, pineries; stabling of unlimited capacity, but chiefly devoted to such sturdy ponies as could best tread those rugged mountain roads; verily, all that the soul of a Solomon himself, in the plenitude of his power and riches, could desire, in the golden autumn, when the grain was still ripening for the late northern harvest, making patches of vivid yellow here and there upon the gentler slopes at the base of the opposite hills, when the purple heather, like a Roman emperor's mantle, was spread over the mountain.

The Norman castle was none of Lord Paulyn's building. Not in those mediæval fancies of keep and donjon, not in those architectural caprices of machicolated battlements and elaborately carved mullions, did the heir of all the Paulyns squander that wealth which the dowager had accumulated by unheard-of scrapings and pinchings and self-denials during all his long minority. The château of Slogh-na-Dyack had been erected at the cost of a millionaire Glasgow manufacturer, who had made his money out of knife-powder and scouring-paper, and who, when he had built for himself this lordly dwelling-house, had the mortification of discovering that neither his wife nor children would consent to abide there. The heather-clad mountain, the blue water, the wide bosom of Loch Fyne stretching away in the distance, the wild denizens of that mountain region, the flutter of whose strong wings gladdened the heart of the sportsman, might be all very well; and to three or four weeks at Rothesay or Colintrave in the bathing season the lady and her daughters had no objection; but a fixed residence six months out of the twelve on that lonely shore they steadfastly refused to endure.

So the scouring-paper and knife-powder manufacturer, to whom the cost of a Norman castle more or less was a mere bagatelle, gave his agent orders to dispose of the château at the earliest opportunity, and resigned himself to the sacrifice involved in such a sale. The house and its appurtenances had cost him five-and-twenty thousand, the land five. He sold the whole to Lord Paulyn—after prolonged haggling, in which at last the Glasgow manufacturer showed himself unequal to the English nobleman—for seventeen thousand, and went home, after signing the contract, to his mansion by the West Park, rejoiced to be rid of his useless toy.

Lord Paulyn had been chiefly attracted to the place by its peculiar capacities for the abode of a yachting man. Slogh-na-Dyack stood on the edge of a bay where there was anchorage for half a dozen yachts of the largest calibre; while on one side of the mansion there was a narrow inlet to a secondary harbor, a bay within a bay, a little basin hollowed out of the hills, where, when tempests were raging, the frailest bark might ride secure, so perfect was the shelter, so lofty the natural screen that fenced it from the winds. It was a harbor for fairies, a calm lakelet in which, on moon-lit nights, one would have scarcely been surprised to find Titania and her company sporting with the silvern spray.



ELIZABETH'S FIRST-BORN.

Hither Reginald Paulyn brought his wife after they had been married about two years and a half. It was her first visit, except for a flying glimpse of those mountain-slopes from her husband's yacht, to Scotland—*his* land, her first lover's native land. The thought thrilled her even now, when the remembrance of the days in which he had loved her was like the memory of a dream.

She had been married two years and a half—years in which she had drained the cup of worldly pleasure, and of womanly sorrow also, to the very lees. She had run riot in fashionable extravagances; given some of the most popular parties in London, in the house with the many balconies; won for herself the brilliant distinction that attends social success; queened it over all compeers by the insolence of her beauty, the dash and sparkle of her manner. For a little while—so long as the glamour lasted, and selfishness was subjugated by the intoxication of novelty—she had ruled her husband; then had come disputes, in which she had been for the chief part triumphant; then later disputes, in which his dogged strength of will had conquered; then coldness, severance, estrangement, each tugging at the chain, eager to go his or her own way. But before the world—that world for which Elizabeth had chosen to live—Lord and Lady Paulyn appeared still a very happy young couple, a delightful example of that most delightful fact in natural history—a love match.

Their quarrels at the worst—and they had been exceedingly bitter—had hardly been about the most serious things upon which men and women could disagree. Money matters, my lady's extravagance, had been the chief disturbing influence. The breast of neither husband nor wife had been troubled by the pangs of jealousy. Elizabeth's conduct as a matron was irreproachable. In the very vortex of fashionable frivolity no transient breath of suspicion had ever tarnished the brightness of her name. The Viscount, in his unquestioned liberty, had ample room and verge enough for any sin against his marriage vow were he inclined to be a sinner, but as yet Elizabeth had never stooped to suspect. Their estrangement, therefore, had not its root in those soul-consuming jealousies which sunder some unions. Their disputes were of a more sordid nature, the wranglings of two worldly-minded beings bent on their own selfish pleasures.

Eighteen months after her marriage there came the one real affliction of Elizabeth's womanhood. A son had been born to her, fair as the first offspring of youth and beauty, a noble soul—or so it seemed to her—looking out of those clear childish eyes, a child who had the inspired seraphic look of the holy Babe in a picture by Raffaelle, and whose budding nature gave promise of a glorious manhood. He was only a few months old—a few months which made up the one pure and perfect episode in Elizabeth's life—when he was taken away from her, not lost without bitterest struggles, vainest, fondest hopes, deepest despair. For a little while after his death the mother's life also hung in the balance, reason tottered, darkness and horror shut out the light. Dragged through this tangle of mind and body, no one seeming to know very clearly which was out of joint, by physic which seemed to hinder or nature which finally healed, the bereaved mother went back to the world, and tried to strangle grief in the endless coil of pleasure; worked harder than a horse at a mill, and smiled sometimes with a heart that ached to agony; had brief flashes of excitement that seemed like happiness; defied memory; tried to extinguish regret for the tender being she had loved in a more exclusive devotion to self; grew day by day harder and more worldly; lost even the power to compassionate the distress of others, saying to herself, in a rebellious spirit, "Is there any sorrow like unto my sorrow?"

To Lord Paulyn the loss of his first-born had been a blow, but not an exceeding heavy one. He had considered the baby a fine little fellow, had caressed him, and tossed him in the air occasionally, at somewhat remote intervals, after the approved fashion of fathers, while smirking nurses marveled at his lordship's condescension; but he was not broken down by the loss of him. He was a young man, and was not in a desperate hurry for an heir. He had something of that feeling which monarchs have been said to entertain upon the subject of their eldest sons, an inclination to regard the heir-apparent as a *memento mori*.

"By Jove, you know, it isn't the liveliest thing to look forward to," he had said to his friends, when arguing upon the subject in the abstract: "a young fellow who'll go and dip himself up to the hilt with a pack of money-lenders, and borrow on post-obits, and play old gooseberry with his father's estate by the time he's twenty-one, and perhaps make a finish by marrying a ballet-girl before he's twenty-two."

It was after a season of surpassing brilliancy, an unbroken round of gayeties, involving the expenditure of so much money that Lord Paulyn groaned and gnashed his teeth when the butler brought him the midsummer bills—a season which had ended in the most serious quarrel Elizabeth and her husband had ever had—that the Viscount brought his wife to this Norman château, not in love, but in anger, intending this banishment to the coast of Argyle as a means of bringing the lady to a due sense of her iniquities and a meek submission to his will.

"She'll find it rather difficult to get rid of money *there*," he said to himself, with a sardonic grin, "and I shall take care to fill the house with visitors of my own choosing. There'll be Hilda, too, to look after *my* interest. Yes, I think I shall have the upper hand at Slogh-na-Dyack."

This was another change which the last year had brought to pass. Just at the end of the London season—happening so opportunely after the last ball at Buckingham Palace, as Madame Passementerie, the French milliner, ventured to remark to Lady Paulyn's maid, Gimp—the noble house of Paulyn had been thrown into mourning by the demise of the dowager.

"The noble lady had led a life of extreme seclusion throughout a prolonged widowhood," said the obituary notice in a fashionable journal; "thus offering the most touching tribute which affection can pay to those it has cherished while on earth, and still fondly mourns when transferred to a higher sphere. Honored and beloved alike by equals and dependents, she was the centre and source of all good to those who came within her peaceful circle, and she was followed to her last resting-place in the family vault in old Ashcombe church by a train of friends, tenants, and retainers, in which long procession of mourners there was not one who did not lament the loss of a valued friend or an honored benefactress." The notice had been written for another patrician widow, but served very well for Lady Paulyn, about whom the editors of newspapers knew little or nothing. She had lived a retired life in the depths of the country, and it was argued that she must of necessity have been benevolent and beloved.

Her death, at the age of seventy-four, had been occasioned by an accident. Sitting up one night in her dressing-room after the household had retired, poring over her agent's last accounts, she had set fire to her cap, an elaborate construction of blonde and ribbons, and had been a good deal burned about the head and face before Hilda, who slept in an adjacent room, and was promptly awakened by her screams, could rush to her rescue.

Her constitution, vigorous to the last, held out for a little while against grim death, but the shock proved too much for the aged frame, whose sap and muscle had been wasted by the asceticism of economy. The dowager died a few hours after telegrams and express trains had brought her son to her bedside.

As she had only consented to be just barely civil to Elizabeth in their unfrequent intercourse, it was not to be supposed that her departure from this world could be a profound affliction to the reigning Viscountess. She was sorry that her mother-in-law's death should have been a painful one, and perhaps that was all.

"What a pity old people can't die like that person in Mrs. Thrales's *Three Warnings!*" she said, afterward. "Death ought to come quietly to fetch them, without any unnecessary suffering; only a natural surprise and annoyance at being taken away against one's will, like a child that is fetched home from a nursery ball."

The Viscount contemplated his bereavement chiefly from a business-like point of view.

"I'm afraid the Devonshire estates will go to pot, now my poor mother's gone," he said, dolefully. "I shall never get any one to screw the tenants as she did. That agent fellow, Lawson, was only a cipher. It was the old woman who really did the work, and kept them up to collar. I shall feel the difference now she's gone, poor old soul!"

"I suppose Miss Disney will go into lodgings at Torquay or somewhere, and live upon her private means," said Elizabeth, hardly looking up from the pages of a new novel she was skimming, seated luxuriously in one of the Park Lane balconies, in a very bower of summer blossoms, kept in perennial bloom by the minions of the nursery-man.

This sounded as if she had forgotten a certain conversation in a Devonshire lane one dusky March evening.

"I thought I told you that Hilda had no means," answered the Viscount, rather gloomily. "She must come to live with us, of course."

"What, in our house, where we live! Won't that be rather like that strange person who lives over somewhere beyond the Rocky Mountains, and has ever so many wives? I'm sure, if Miss Disney is to live with us, I shall feel myself a number two."

"I wish you wouldn't talk such confounded nonsense, Elizabeth. I suppose you pick up that sort of thing from your friends, who all seem to talk the same jargon, turning up their noses at every body in creation."

"No, but seriously, can't Miss Disney go on living at Ashcombe? I should think *she* ought to be able to screw the tenants; she must have learned your poor mother's ways."

"Miss Disney will have a home in my house, wherever it is. And I think you ought to be uncommonly glad to get hold of a sensible young woman for a companion. As to my keeping up a separate establishment at Ashcombe for one person's accommodation, that's too preposterous an idea to be entertained for a moment. I shall try to let the place as it stands. You'll be thankful enough for her society, I dare say, at Slogh-na-Dyack."

"I shall have the hills and the sea," said Elizabeth; "they will be better company for me than Miss Disney."

She had seen the château in the course of a yachting expedition in the autumn of last year, when the Viscount, sorely alarmed by the nature of the illness that had followed the loss of her boy, had taken her to roam the blue waters in quest of health and spirits. Health and spirits had come in some measure—health that was fitful, spirits that were apt to be forced and spurious, a laugh that had a false ring in it, mirth which sounded sweet enough at one time, but jangled, out of tune, and harsh at another.

So the Viscount wrote to inform Hilda Disney that henceforth her life was to be spent in his household—wrote as briefly and unceremoniously as he might have written to a house-maid—and a week later Miss Disney came to Park Lane, covered with crape, pale, placid, impenetrable. Elizabeth made a great effort over herself in order to receive this new-comer with some faint show of kindness.

"I hope you two mean to get on well together," said the Viscount, in a little speech that sounded like a command.

"I have no doubt we shall get on remarkably well—if we don't interfere with each other," answered Elizabeth. "I believe that is the secret of a harmonious household."

This was an intimation designed to give Miss Disney a correct idea of her position—a hint which that young lady fully comprehended.

She accepted this position with a certain quiet grace which might have won the heart of any one who had a heart to be won. Elizabeth's had been given away twice over, once to Malcolm Forde, once to her lost baby. Her small stock of love had been spent on these two. There was no room in her cold, weary heart for any thing but the ashes of that old fire—certainly no admission for Hilda Disney. But as at this stage of affairs that young person appeared content to be a cipher in her new home, Elizabeth's languid indifference was not kindled into active dislike. She tolerated the intruder, but at the same time avoided her. This was the position of affairs when Lord Paulyn and a few chosen friends began life and grouse-shooting on the moors around Slogh-na-Dyack.

To Elizabeth's jaded spirits, worn out by the small excitements of society, the change was at first a welcome one. It was pleasant to find herself mistress of a new domain, which differed widely from her other dominions; very pleasant to be remote from the region of race-horses and trainers, and trial gallops and experimental exercises of rival two-year-olds in the dewy dawn of autumnal mornings; trials in which, out of mere politeness, she had been obliged sometimes to affect an interest. The novelty of the Norman castle and its surroundings delighted her; nor was she discouraged by its seclusion, or particularly afflicted by the usurpation of the limited number of spare bedrooms by her husband's sporting cronies, whereby she was deprived of the society of half a dozen or so of her own dearest friends, whose reception she had planned as one of the amusements of her Scottish home. The architect whose mediæval mind had designed Slogh-na-Dyack had refused to fritter away his space upon spare bedrooms, reserving his resources for sugar-loaf turrets, donjons, keeps, Gothic balconies, perforated battlements, picture-galleries, a banqueting-hall with a groined roof and a musicians' gallery, a tennis-court, and a cloistered walk under the drawing-room floor.

"You will have to build me a new wing next year, Reginald," Lady Paulyn observed, after expressing her general approval of the château. "It is all very well for us to exist in this benighted manner—for I don't count your shooting people as visitors—for once in a way, but we couldn't possibly exist here another year without a dozen or so more rooms."

"Couldn't we?" said the Viscount, putting on his sullen air, which meant war to the knife. "I chose Slogh-na-Dyack just because it was a little out of the beaten track—not much, though, for people go to Oban nowadays just as they used to go to Brighton—and because it has precious little accommodation for your cackling brood of dear friends, no stowage for French waiting-maids and such rubbish—a place where I could feel myself master, and where I might expect you would even take the trouble to devote a little time to my society."

Elizabeth yawned.

"To hear you talk about shooting innocent birds, and of what your horses are going to do next year, and what they ought to have done, but did not do, this year. What a pity there should be such a sameness in domestic conversation!"

"I suppose you would like it better if I could talk about converting the heathen," snarled the Viscount. It was not the first time he had tried to sting his wife with an allusion to the lover who jilted her.

"I should like it better if you had a mind wide enough to be interested in human beings, instead of in dogs and horses," she answered, flashing out at him passionately.

Miss Disney was a mute witness of this little scene, but a mere cipher, whose presence had no restraining influence.

"I shall not think of coming here next year unless there are some more rooms built," Elizabeth remarked, decisively, after a little more skirmishing.

"We needn't talk about coming next year until we have quite made up our minds to go away. This place has a famous winter climate," said the Viscount, looking into a huge seal-skin case, as if in search of some rare species of cigar, the selection whereof was a work of time. He had a knack of looking down when he said disagreeable things.

"I could not endure the place for more than two months," replied his wife, "and I have made engagements for December."

"That's a pity; for I have invited some fellows here for Christmas."

"I am sure you are at liberty to entertain them—with Miss Disney's assistance. I shall resign all my privileges as châtelaine at the end of November."

"We'll see about that," said Lord Paulyn, darkly. But as he had often uttered this mystic threat, and nothing had ever come of it, except that Elizabeth had always had her own way in spite of him, the lady was not appalled by his dark speech.

It is not to be supposed that Lady Paulyn was always uncivil to her husband, that she flouted him in season and out of season. She had her intervals of sunshine and sweetness; smiled upon him as she did upon society, and with almost as empty a smile; bewitched him even with something of the old witchery; for, despite his numerous aggravations, he still admired her, and still fondly believed her the handsomest woman in Europe.

This was the state of affairs when Hilda Disney first entered their household; but their domestic life underwent a gradual change after her coming. It was as if by some subtle influence she widened the gulf between them, without design, without malice, but only by her presence. If she had been a statue, she could scarcely have seemed more innocent of evil intention, more unconscious of the harm she did; yet she parted them irrevocably.

She offended the wife by no demonstrative affection for the husband; yet, by an unobtrusive concern for his comfort, a perpetual solicitude, an unsleeping care of his well-being, shown in the veriest trifles, but shown almost hourly, she made his wife's indifference a thousand times more obvious than it had ever been before. By her interest in his conversation, by her appreciation of his vapid jokes, her acute perception of the smallest matters in which his prosperity or success was involved, she reminded him of his wife's utter apathy about all these things. One of the grievances of his married life was the fact that he had never been able to interest Elizabeth in the details of his racing stud, those narrow chances and hair-breadth failures which make or mar the fortunes of the year. She liked Epsom and Ascot and Newmarket and Goodwood and Doncaster and York well enough as scenes of gayety and excitement—festivals in which her beauty made her a kind of queen. She could even admire a winning horse as a grand and famous creature; but she had not a mathematical brain, and could not by any means comprehend that intricate process of calculation by which great results are sometimes arrived at in the racing world, and by which the Napoleons of the turf accumulate their colossal fortunes.

In this she was the very reverse of Hilda, whose arithmetical powers had been trained to extreme acuteness in the service of the late dowager, and who, without any natural fondness for horses, could enter into all the complications of a betting-book; could even, on some rare occasion, give a wrinkle to the Viscount himself, as that gentleman remarked with supreme astonishment.

"Upon my word, you know, Hilda, you're the downiest bird—I beg your pardon—the cleverest woman I ever met with. If my wife had only your brains—"

"With her own beauty! That would be too much. Not that my brains are any thing to boast of, but I have been trained in a rather severe school."

"I should think you have, indeed; my mother was an out-and-outer. I don't believe there ever was such a screw, you know, before her time, or ever will be after it. There ought to be something of the kind put up in Ashcombe church, by Jove. It would look well in Latin—that quotation of Burke's, for instance: *Magnum vectigal est parsimonia.* But you've got a wider way of looking at things than my mother. And as for looks, if you're not as handsome as Elizabeth, who really is the finest woman in Europe, you've no reason to complain of your share of good looks; and you know there was a day when I used to say a good deal more than that."

A faint color came into Hilda's fair face.

"We were children then," she said.

"Oh, hang it, I was at Oxford, and in the University eight. There wasn't much of the child about me, Hilda."

"Except in a childish want of judgment—not knowing your own mind, in short," she answered, looking steadily down at a flimsy printed catalogue of race-horses which they had been studying together when this conversation began.

"Oh, well, we settled all that ever so long ago. Let by-gones be by-gones, Hilda."

"Was it I who recalled the past?"

"I'm sure it wasn't I," answered Lord Paulyn, hastily, "and I don't want to recall it. I don't forget what a temper you had in those days, Hilda. Children, indeed! You were a child who knew how to call a fellow over the coals like any thing. I've a very keen recollection of some of our shindies. However, all that was so long ago, and I am an old married man now; so I thought we should be able to get on very well together. And I must say you're wonderfully improved; ten years' more grinding in my mother's mill has made a difference, hasn't it?"

"I hope I have conquered my evil tempers, and every thing else that was foolish in me," said Hilda, meekly.

That little demure speech of Miss Disney's set the Viscount thinking. Ten years ago there had been certain love passages between himself and his cousin—a pretty little pastoral flirtation, which filled the intervals of his field-sports pleasantly enough—but which, begun for the amusement of long dull autumnal afternoons in a dreary old house, ended somewhat seriously. The girl had been serious from the beginning. Her cousin Reginald was the only man whose society had ever brightened the dismalities of her joyless home. He was young, good-looking, energetic, and possessed that superfluity of physical strength which gives a kind of dash and swagger to a man's manner of doing things—a dash and swagger that, in the eyes of inexperienced girlhood, pass for courage and chivalry. He rode well, shot superbly, talked the last Oxonian slang, the novelty of which language was agreeable after the dowager's dull grumblings and perpetual prosing upon small worries. In a word, he was the only thing Hilda Disney had to love, and she loved him, hiding more intensity than he could have suspected under her placid demeanor.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A COURAGEOUS PRIEST.

The O'Keeffe case, which has excited an unusual interest in England and Ireland, resembles that of Father Stack, in Pennsylvania, or Bunbury, in Michigan. The bishop suspended Father O'Keeffe, priest of Callan, Ireland, from his ministry for commencing a libel suit against another priest. O'Keeffe, a resolute, active, and fearless ecclesiastic, finding himself the victim of a cruel tyranny, turned at bay and sued the bishop for defamation. The new crime at once aroused all the rage of the ultramontanes. Cardinal Cullen interfered; the Pope was invoked; the daring priest found no mercy at Rome; he was rebuked in no sparing terms by Pope and cardinals; the vicar-general of his diocese suspended him; and when he refused submission, the Pope sent a rescript to Cardinal Cullen, authorizing him to decide the matter, and the cardinal confirmed the suspension of O'Keeffe under the direct authority of Rome. By the interference of the papal power, therefore, O'Keeffe was deprived of his parish, and the national Board of Education, assuming that his suspension was valid, dismissed him from his position on the local board. His only fault, it must be remembered, was that he had brought a suit against his bishop.

But neither Pope nor cardinals could terrify or subdue O'Keeffe. He had been assailed in character by all the arts of his opponents, had been removed from an honorable position, and held up to the Irish public as a degraded outlaw of the clerical fold. And he now retaliated by commencing a libel suit against Cardinal Cullen. This rigid and severe churchman, an aspirant for the papacy, and the most bigoted of his order, has found himself brought before the Irish courts in no dignified position. He pleaded in his defense the Pope's rescript, and the usage of his sect. The case, it seems, was decided upon the two points suggested by Cardinal Cullen, and it was held that the papal rescript had no authority in England, and that to sue a bishop was no offense against the English law. It follows, therefore, that Cardinal Cullen had no power to deprive O'Keeffe of his parish, and that the Board of Education erred in removing him from his government of the parish schools.

O'Keeffe has become famous. The fact that by the papal rescript a useful member has been driven from the local Board of Education, in connection with the other circumstances of the case, has awakened the indignation of the English people. An inquiry has been instituted in Parliament. The resolute conduct of O'Keeffe is admired and applauded. He is defending his order against the tyranny of the bishops, and the liberties of English Roman Catholics against the corrupt authority of Rome. The ultramontanes, who have already shown their power and their factious spirit in the politics of Ireland, must grow as unpopular in England as with us. The resolution of Cardinal Cullen and Archbishop Manning to become the leaders of a political party will scarcely tend to the spiritual welfare of their Church, and a contest may easily arise between the papacy and the English government that will have no slight influence in the Parliamentary elections of next spring. The English courts, at least, if the report of their proceedings be correct, have set free the Roman Catholics from the civil control of the Pope. They may prosecute bishop or priest without fear of ecclesiastical interference; and the question which arose in the case of Father Stack, and in a different form in that of Patrick Bunbury, in our own courts, seems involved in the same principle. He who attempts to deprive another of his civil rights by excommunication or deposition is an offender against the common law.

On page 580 we give the portraits of the principal actors in this remarkable drama, and also a scene in the court-room during the examination of Cardinal Cullen. Our readers will remember that the Chief Justice directed the jury to find a verdict for the plaintiff, which they did, giving him one farthing damages.

The case is likely to be tried again, application having been made to the Irish Court of Queen's Bench to have the verdict set aside on the ground of misdirection of the Chief Justice. Father O'Keeffe exhibits no lack of courage. In a recent address to his congregation he said that he expected the action would be tried over again, and that he was proceeding with the actions against Bishop Moran, Dr. M'Donald, and the Dublin *Evening Post* and the *Kilkenny Journal*. "A judge and jury have given a verdict against the man who pronounced me a degraded and suspended priest, and if they choose to bring the case again before the world, I am ready to meet that; but I believe if they have any faith in their own doctrine or canon law that one ecclesiastic should not bring another before a court of law, they would be content with the trial they have had. It is the cardinal that is going to law with me; and if I committed a crime, or was guilty of any misconduct, by going to law with him, the cardinal is repeating that now, and I will let him settle it with his own conscience, for I will not excommunicate or suspend him, though he ought to suspend himself. I am ready to meet him in any court."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A certain person had a friend who was a miser. One day he said to him, "I am going a journey; give me your ring—then I shall always have you near me; for whenever I look upon it, you will come to my remembrance." The miser made answer, "If you wish to keep me in remembrance, as often as you look at your naked finger remember that you asked a certain person for his ring, and he refused to give it to you!"

Field Exercise—Plowing.

An Irish sailor visited a city where he said they copper-bottomed the tops of the houses with sheet-lead. Perhaps it was the same man who saw a white blackbird sitting on a wooden mile-stone eating a red blackberry.

Ought not a hermit to call his house a man-shun?

"A logician and a swimmer," says a Persian story, "were in a boat together. Said the logician to the swimmer, 'Have you ever studied logic?' 'I never heard the name till now,' was the reply. 'Alas!' said the logician, 'then has half your life been drowned in ignorance!' Just then a squall came up. Says the swimmer to the logician, 'Have you ever learned any thing of swimming?' 'Nothing but logic,' was the reply. 'Alas!' said the swimmer, 'then the *whole of your* life is drowned!'" The moral of this, our teacher told us, is that *logicians sometimes get beyond their depth.*

To the Benevolent.—There is a man so hard up that he even sleeps on tick.

A school-boy being requested to write a composition upon the subject of "Pins," produced the following: "Pins are very useful. They have saved the lives of a great many men, women, and children—in fact, whole families." "How so?" asked the puzzled teacher; and the boy replied, "Why, by not swallowing them."

A person who tells you of the faults of others intends to tell others of your faults.

An old bachelor, who has become melancholy and poetical, wrote some verses for the village paper, in which he expressed the hope that the time would soon come when he would

"rest calmly within a shroud,
With a weeping-willow by my side."

But to his inexpressible horror it came out in print,

"When I shall rest calmly within a shawl,
With a weeping widow by my side."

Who is the oldest lunatic on record?—Time out of mind.

Why is a provident man like a monkey?—Because he's forehanded (four-handed).

The Home Circuit—Walking about with a baby in the night.

Why are the cook's tongs in a ship like great mosquitoes?—Because they are galley nippers.

A late poet, in describing his ancestors, who were among the first settlers at Amoskeag Falls, said, with a spice of exaggeration:

"Of the goodly men of old Derryfield
It was often said that their only care
And their only wish and only prayer
For the present world and the world to come
Were a string of eels and a jug of rum!"

A popular Drawing—Drawing a salary.

A painter being asked to estimate the cost of painting a certain house, drew forth a pencil and paper and made the following calculation: "A naught is a naught; three into five twice you can't—I'll paint your house for fifty dollars."

Why is a man who marries twice like the captain of a ship?—Because he has a second mate.

"Among all my boys," said an old man, "I never had but one boy who took after me, and that was my son Aaron, who took after me with a club."

When Shakspeare's mother wished him to confess a theft, what distinguished character did she hold up before him?—William, Tell.

When is charity like a bee?—When it begins to hum.

Said a youngster, in high glee, displaying his purchase to a bosom-friend in the street, "Two cocoanuts for five cents. That will make me ill to-morrow, and I won't have to go to school."

Why is a captain haranguing his crew like an upholsterer?—Because he is a deck-orator.

An old Yankee lady gave her idea of a great man: "One who is keerful of his clothes, don't drink sperits, kin read the Bible without spelling the words, and eat a cold dinner on wash-day without grumbling."

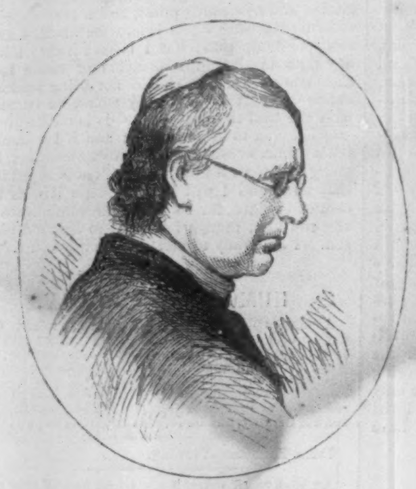
"Where are the men of '76?" shouted a stump-orator. "Dead," responded a sad-looking man in the middle aisle. The orator was surprised at the intelligence.

When may two people be said to be half-witted?—When they have an understanding between them.

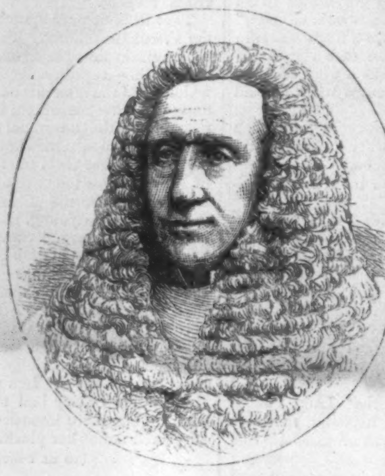
An Irishman being asked in court for his certificate of marriage, showed a big scar on his head about the shape of a shovel, which was satisfactory.

It is a well-known fact that the ladies seldom become gray, while the heads of the "lords of creation" are often early in life either bald or gray—sometimes both. Douglas Jerrold tells a piquant story as follows: At a private party in London a lady, who, though in the autumn of life, had not lost all dreams of its spring, said to Jerrold, "I can not imagine what makes my hair turn gray; I sometimes fancy it must be the essence of rosemary, with which my maid is in the habit of brushing it." "I should rather be afraid, madam," replied the dramatist, "that it is the essence of time (thyme)."

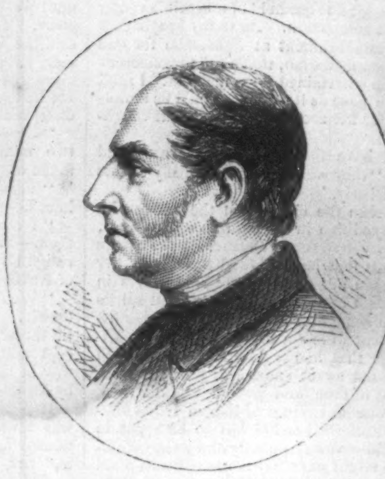
THE O'KEEFFE LIBEL CASE.



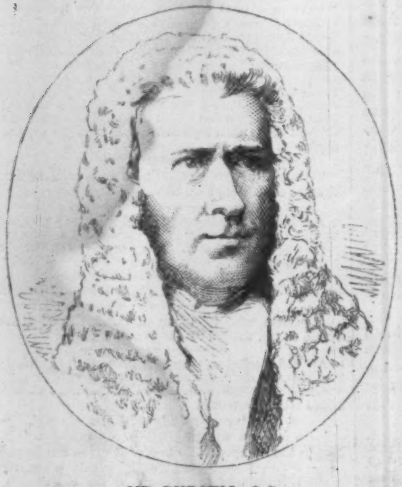
HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL PAUL CULLEN.
Roman Catholic Archbishop of Dublin and Primate of Ireland (Defendant).



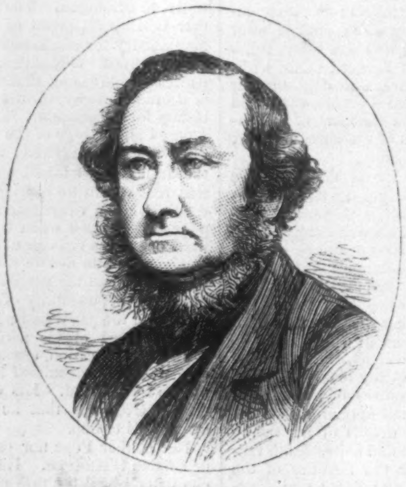
THE RIGHT HON. JAMES WHITESIDE.
Lord Chief Justice of Ireland.



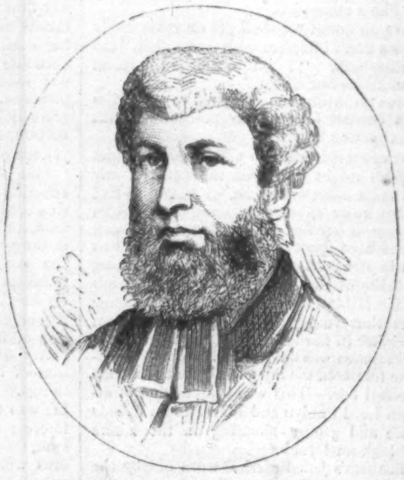
THE REV. FATHER ROBERT O'KEEFFE.
Parish Priest of Callan (Plaintiff).



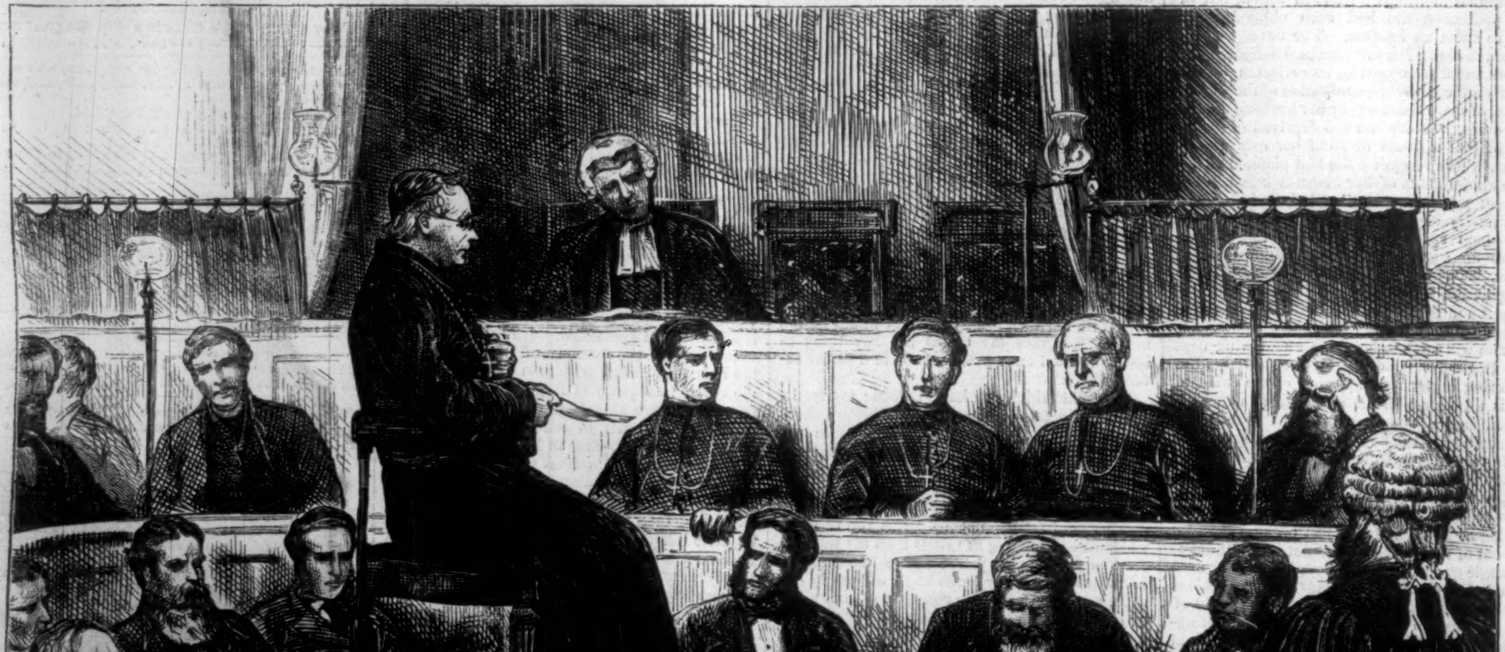
MR. PURCELL, Q.C.
Plaintiff's Leading Counsel.



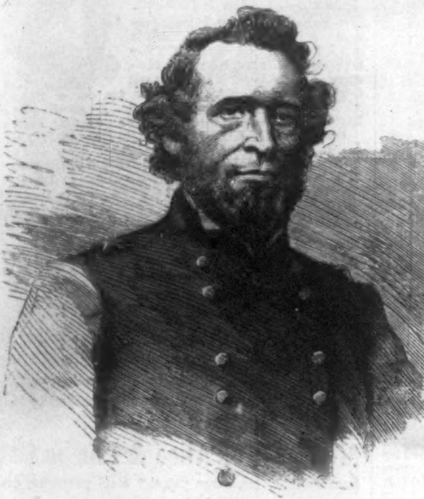
ROBERT WARREN, ESQ.
High Sheriff of County Dublin.



SERGEANT ARMSTRONG.
Defendant's Leading Counsel.



SCENE IN COURT DURING THE EXAMINATION OF CARDINAL CULLEN.—[SEE PAGE 579.]



THE LATE JOHN A. KENNEDY.

THE LATE JOHN A. KENNEDY.

John A. Kennedy, to whom more than to any other man New York is indebted for the efficiency of its police organization, died in this city, on the 20th of June, of paralysis of the heart, which had its origin in the severe injuries inflicted by a brutal and cowardly mob during the first of the draft riots. He was born in 1803, in the city of Baltimore, whither his parents had some years previous emigrated from Ireland. He received the usual advantages of a common-school education, and learned the trade of a painter, which business he followed a number of years after removing to this city in 1828. Early taking an active interest in politics, he joined the Tammany Society, and was elected a member of the Common Council. He was subsequently appointed a member of the Board of Emigration, of which he afterward became Superintendent. Before leaving Maryland he had become thoroughly imbued with antislavery principles and sympathies, and belonged to the Free Soil section of the Democratic party in this State. When the attempt was made to extend slavery into free territory, by a repeal of the Missouri Compromise, Mr. **Kennedy** became a Republican. He was a delegate from this city to the Constitutional Convention of 1846.

In 1859 Mr. **Kennedy** was appointed Superintendent of the Metropolitan Police force, which position he held for eleven years. He at once commenced the introduction of various reforms in the department, and a stricter discipline soon took the place of the lax system which had prevailed during the reign of his predecessors. Under his guidance the Metropolitan Police reached the zenith of its fame, as was shown by the subsequent conduct of the officers and men. During the war Superintendent **Kennedy** aided the government in every possible manner, and his services were considered so meritorious that he enjoyed the confidence and esteem of President **Lincoln** and Secretary **Stanton** up to the time of their death. In 1862 he was appointed Provost-Marshal of the city, and rendered himself particularly obnoxious to the secession element of New York by his efficient activity in the service of the government.

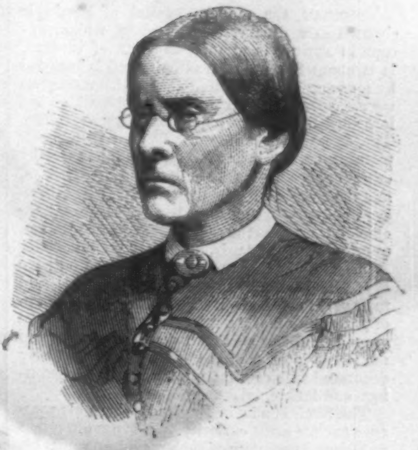
Mr. **Kennedy** was the first victim of the memorable draft riots of 1863. Our readers will remember that the riot commenced on the morning of Monday, July 13. On the Saturday previous the draft in this city had commenced; the names of those upon whom the lot had fallen were published in the newspapers of Sunday, creating the most intense excitement. On Monday morning the draft was resumed, and fearing from the excitement among the lower orders that violence might ensue, large bodies of police were sent to protect the head-quarters of the different provost-marshals, where the drawing of the names was to take place. Scarcely had a name been drawn from the wheel at the head-quarters of Captain **Jenkins**, at Forty-ninth Street and Third Avenue, when an attack was made on the place. The provost-marshal, police, and others were driven out, and the building was fired.

Mr. **Kennedy**, who was making a tour of inspection to ascertain the feeling among the populace, came upon the scene of the trouble while the uproar was at its height. Being a man of dauntless courage, he alighted from his carriage, and advanced toward the infuriated mob. He was at once recognized. With a brutal yell the crowd rushed upon him, bore him to the ground, and beat and trod upon him until he became insensible. Believing they had killed him, the brutal mob flung his body into a gutter and fled. He was soon afterward picked up by some friends, and conveyed to Police Head-quarters, where his wounds were dressed. He was found to be terribly bruised, but, fortunately, no bones were broken.

On his partial recovery from the effects of this cowardly assault, Mr. **Kennedy** resumed active command of the force, and remained the executive head until 1870, when, by the passage of the charter, the system was changed from the Metropolitan to the Municipal Police Force, and he was legislated out of office after an honorable service of eleven years. Mr. **Kennedy** resigned, and Captain **Jourdan** was appointed to fill the position.

By the death of Mr. **Kennedy** New York loses a well-tried and faithful servant, and the Republican party a member to whose public record it can point with unqualified approval. He made our police force what it is. His devotion to the public service during a most trying and critical period was exemplary and unswerving. His power of organization and exceptional faculty of command brought the city through the terrible strain of July, 1863; and it was his spirit which animated the police during the critical ordeal of July 12, 1871.

At the time of his death Mr. **Kennedy** held the position of Collector of Assessments for this city.

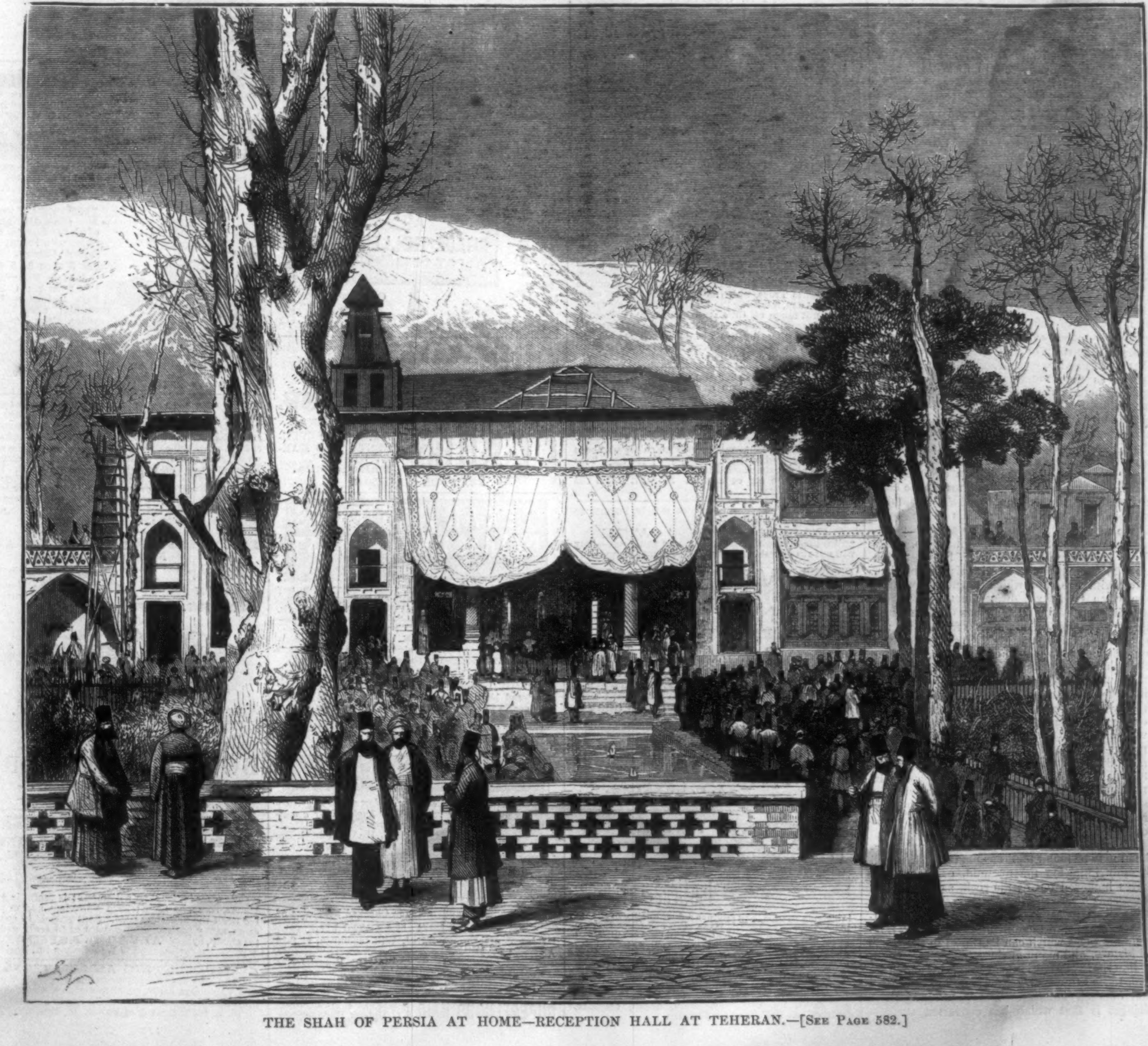


SUSAN B. ANTHONY.

SUSAN B. ANTHONY'S VOTE.

Miss Susan B. Anthony, the redoubtable champion and exponent of the political rights of women, has at length come to grief at the hands of the law. Not satisfied with promulgating her "peculiar" views from the platform and through the press, she determined to make a test of the matter at the ballot-box, and the result must be discouraging in the extreme. In the last November election, it will be remembered, Miss **Anthony** voted, in the city of Rochester, New York, the Congressional, State, and Assembly tickets. This she did in the belief that the right of suffrage was conveyed to her sex under the Fourteenth Amendment of the Constitution of the United States, which defines citizens as "*all persons* born or naturalized in the United States, and subject to the jurisdiction thereof." The authorities, however, took quite a different view of the matter, and Miss **Anthony** was arrested and indicted for illegal voting.

The trial of the case was held on the 17th June, in the Circuit Court of the United States sitting at Canandaigua, Judge **Hunt** presiding. Mr. **Richard Crowley**, the District Attorney, conducted the prosecution, and Judge **Henry R. Selden** and Mr. **John Van Voorhis** appeared for the defense. The judge directed the jury to find the defendant "guilty," and a fine of $100 and costs was imposed. The inspectors who received the vote were also convicted, and fined $25 each, with costs.



THE SHAH OF PERSIA AT HOME—RECEPTION HALL AT TEHERAN.—[See Page 582.]

THE SHAH'S RECEPTION HALL AT TEHERAN.

Teheran, the modern capital of Persia, is situated in a dreary, treeless plain, which, except in spring, is almost destitute of verdure. It is about five miles in circuit, and is inclosed by a strong earthen wall, flanked with numerous towers, surrounded by a glacis, outside which is a large dry ditch. The population is about 70,000. The appearance of the city from a distance is picturesque, but it has few public edifices worthy of notice; the houses are built of sun-dried bricks, and the streets wretchedly paved. It has, however, many good shops and bazars. The Ark, or citadel, comprises the royal residence and harem, quarters for the guards, and other public offices. A picture of the Reception Hall is given on page 581. The Grand Saloon in the palace is said to be very magnificent. The throne is a platform of pure white marble, raised a few steps from the ground, and carpeted with shawls and gold, and the whole interior of the apartment is profusely decorated with carving, gilding, arabesque painting, and looking-glass.

The Shah is now in England, where his presence excites great curiosity. It is not often that an Oriental potentate of such magnitude quits his lair to visit the haunts of civilization; and a Persian Shah is almost as strange a visitor as a Japanese Mikado would be. But the Vienna Exposition has drawn him from the Vale of Cashmere, and he comes among the Western barbarians, surrounded with Eastern splendor, bejeweled with diamonds and rubies, like a caliph of the *Arabian Nights*, with twenty-five millions in his pocket to pay his incidental expenses. There are cold critics who say that it would have been more creditable for his Highness to have employed some of his money in relieving his starving subjects last year, when half of them died of famine, and liberal subscriptions were raised in both Europe and America for their relief. The Shah set out attended by six of his numerous wives, but domestic infelicities at Moscow constrained him to send back this portion of his retinue, and to pursue his journey as a single man.

UNSATISFACTORY.

"Have other lovers—say, my love—
  Loved thus before to-day?"
"They may have, yes, they may, my love;
  Not long ago they may."

"But though they worshiped thee, my love,
  Thy maiden heart was free?"
"Don't ask too much of me, my love;
  Don't ask too much of me."

"Yet now 'tis you and I, my love;
  Love's wings no more will fly?"
"If Love could never die, my love,
  Our love should never die."

"For shame! and is this so, my love,
  And Love and I must go?"
"Indeed I do not know, my love;
  My life, I do not know."

"You will, you must be true, my love,
  Nor look and love anew!"
"I'll see what I can do, my love;
  I'll see what I can do."

ROMAN TOMBS.

Those who have never seen the Pyramids of Egypt will be struck with the massiveness of the only pyramid now existing in Rome. Standing close to the gate of San Paolo, and forming part of the walls of the city, this great structure, erected in memory of Caius Cestius, as is supposed, in the reign of Augustus, dominates over that spot sacred to every English and American tourist as the Protestant burial-ground; and walking here in the cool of the day, the visitor may contemplate at the same time the most ancient and the most modern forms of sepulture, and compare the puny efforts of recent art with the gigantic masonry of the past. Yet it would seem that the man to whose memory this great tomb was erected is little known excepting by name, although undoubtedly he must have been a man of mark in his generation. The chamber wherein the body was deposited is in the centre of the monument, and was covered with paintings, the colors of which are still visible. The whole great mass of brick-work, 125 feet high and 100 square, is covered with slabs of marble, black with age, but which nineteen centuries ago, when Christ yet dwelt among men, were dazzling the eyes of the citizens of Rome with their newly polished brightness, fresh from the quarries of Carrara. Nineteen centuries seem a great age for a monument; yet when we reflect that this pyramid is but a feeble copy of those which long ages ago stood and still stand in Egypt as this now stands in Rome, black with time when this was bright with newness, and exceeding it as much in size as in age, we are filled with astonishment at the power of those early master-builders. The pyramid of Caius Cestius, according to an inscription, was completed in 330 days. How many years were occupied in the construction of those of Egypt? and who can say how many ages they have stood immovable in solitary grandeur on the sunny, sandy plains of Egypt?

Yet probably here in Rome and the neighborhood may be found tombs as old or older, tumuli humbly imitating the pyramid, or those great caves hollowed out of the rock, as used by the Etruscans before the rise of Rome. These latter have all disappeared, or are known to the antiquary alone; and the only tombs visited by travelers are those which can be traced to the Rome of history, and many of these have disappeared, or like those of Hadrian or Cæcilia Metella have been turned to uses far different from the intention of their builders. The saddest of these changes is that which has converted the immense mausoleum of the great Emperor Augustus, which once held his ashes and those of many of his family and successors, into a circus, wherein one seeks in vain for any traces of that magnificence which must once have characterized the tomb of the master of the world.

The Romans seem at an early period to have adopted the practice of incremation; hence those peculiar tombs called *columbaria*, which abound in and around Rome. They consist of a large cave or chamber fitted up with little pigeon-holes, wherein the ashes of the dead were placed in urns of various kinds, according to the rank of the deceased, and as these *columbaria* were principally occupied by the slaves of great families, the urns are often of rude construction, for it would appear that the great men of Rome were generally buried in splendid marble sarcophagi on their own land, and a cell or series of cells adjoining formed the *columbaria* for their slaves and freedmen, a great tower or other monument being generally erected over the whole. One *columbarium* which we examined consisted of niches round the walls, and in addition a sort of stone dresser filled with holes, in which were placed little round stone urns, with covers greatly resembling a modern cooking-stove, with earthen saucepans, etc. This was said to have belonged to the family of Pompey; and in the same vineyard are the tombs and *columbaria* of the Scipios. But the great conqueror Africanus was not buried there, but, according to Murray, at Liternum, although an old book on Roman antiquities says a pyramid was erected to him adjoining the Mole of Hadrian.

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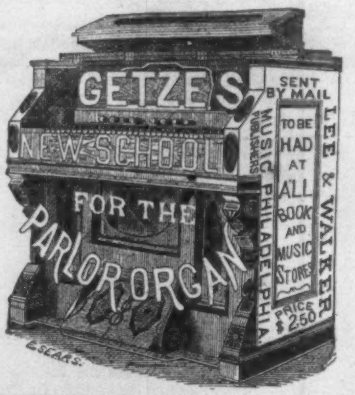

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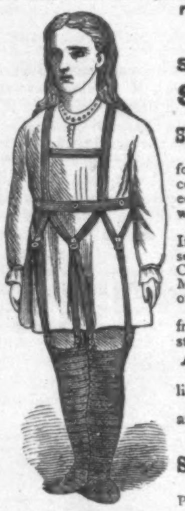

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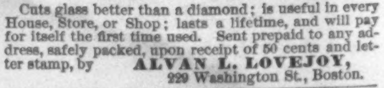

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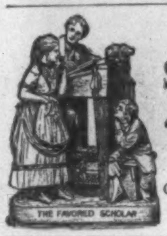

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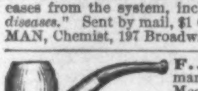

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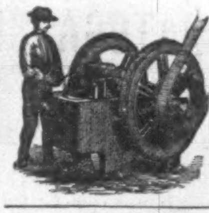

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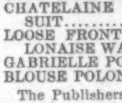

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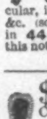

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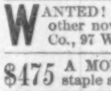

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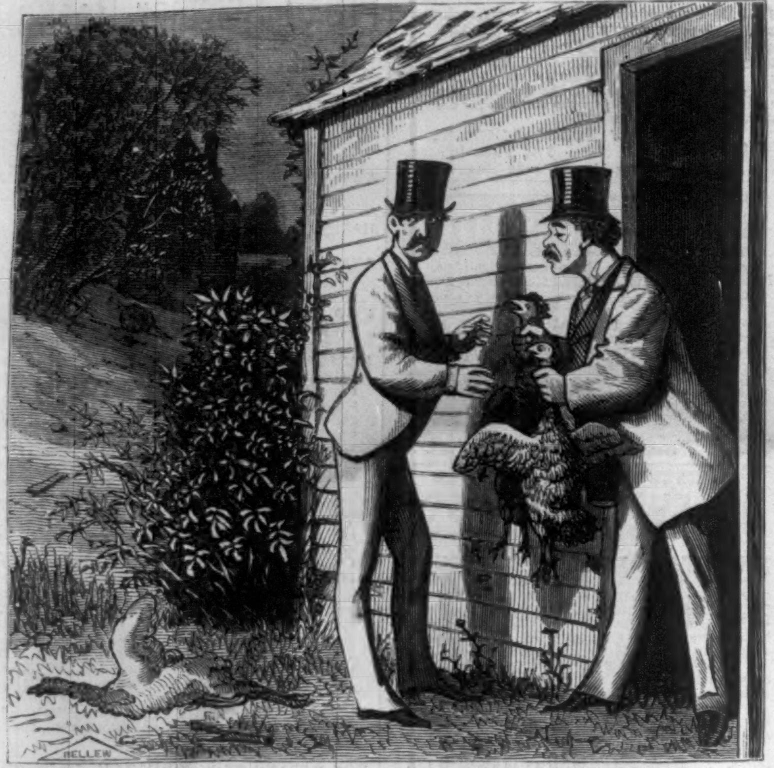

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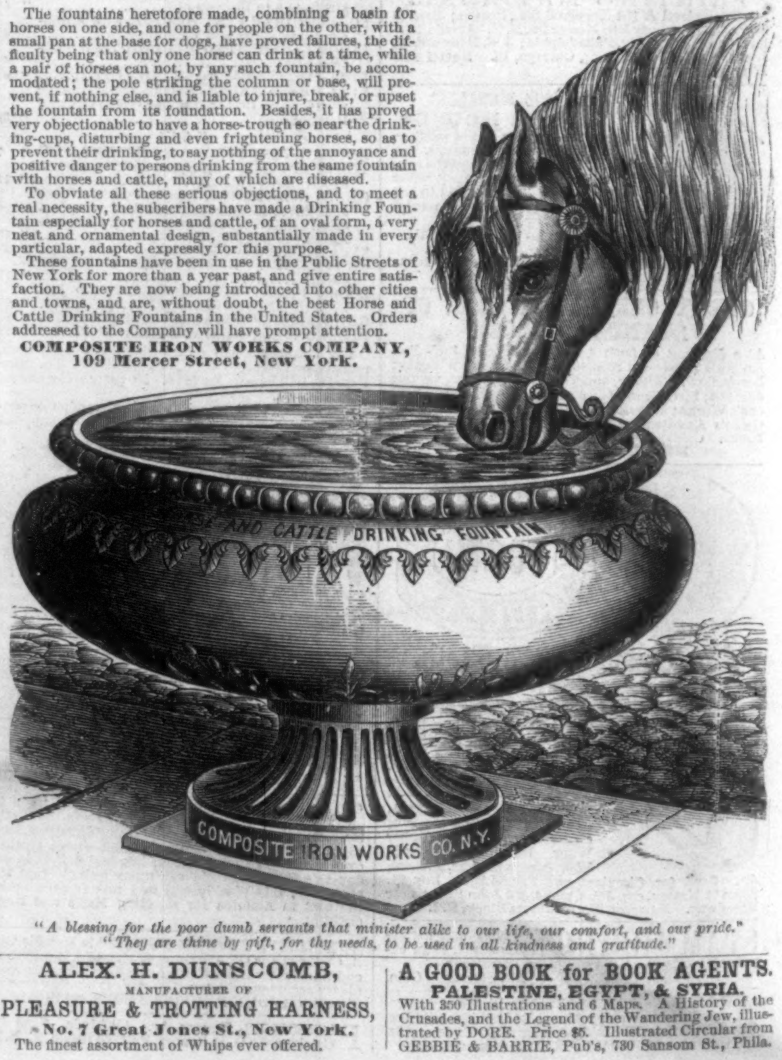

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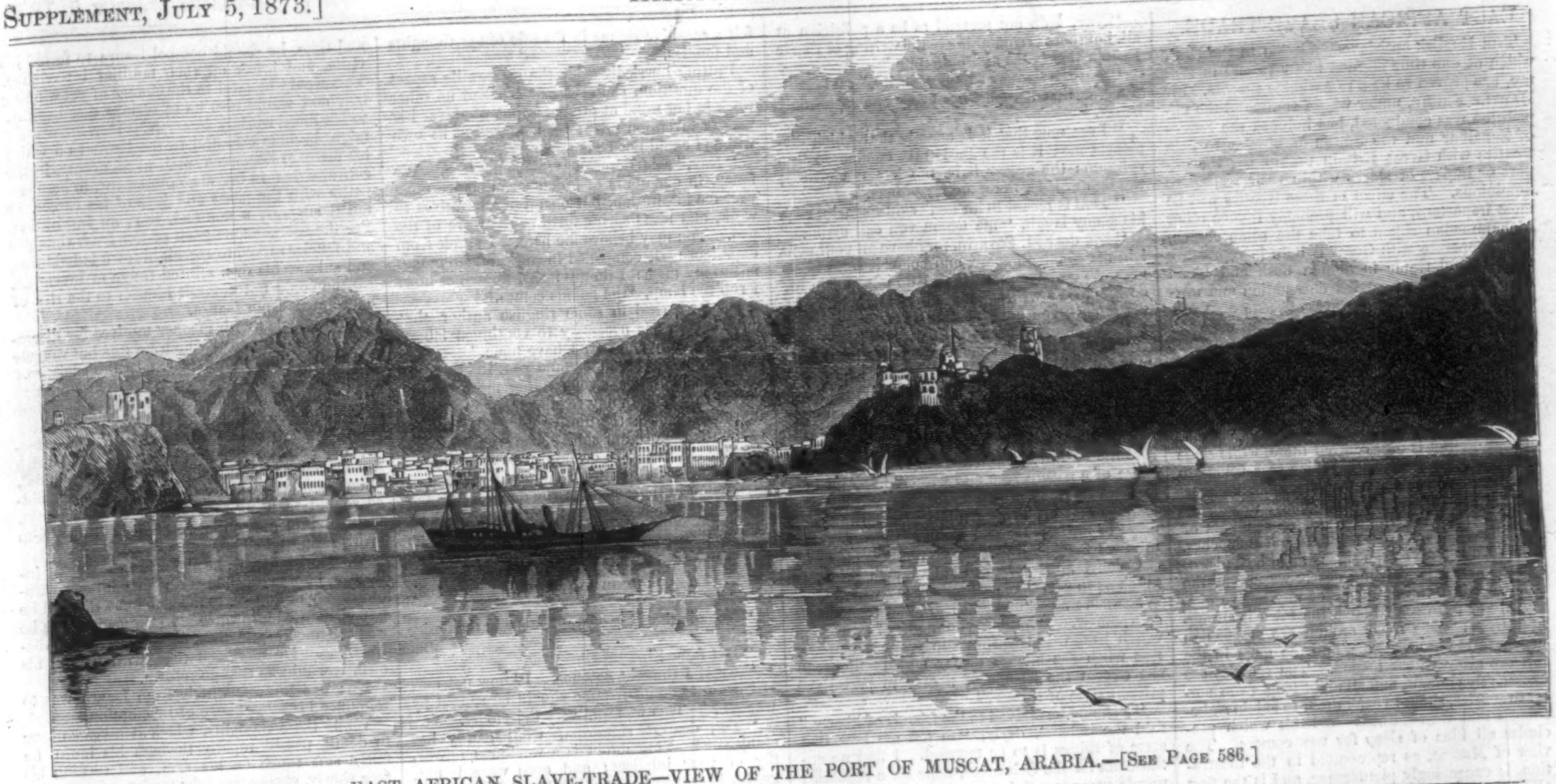
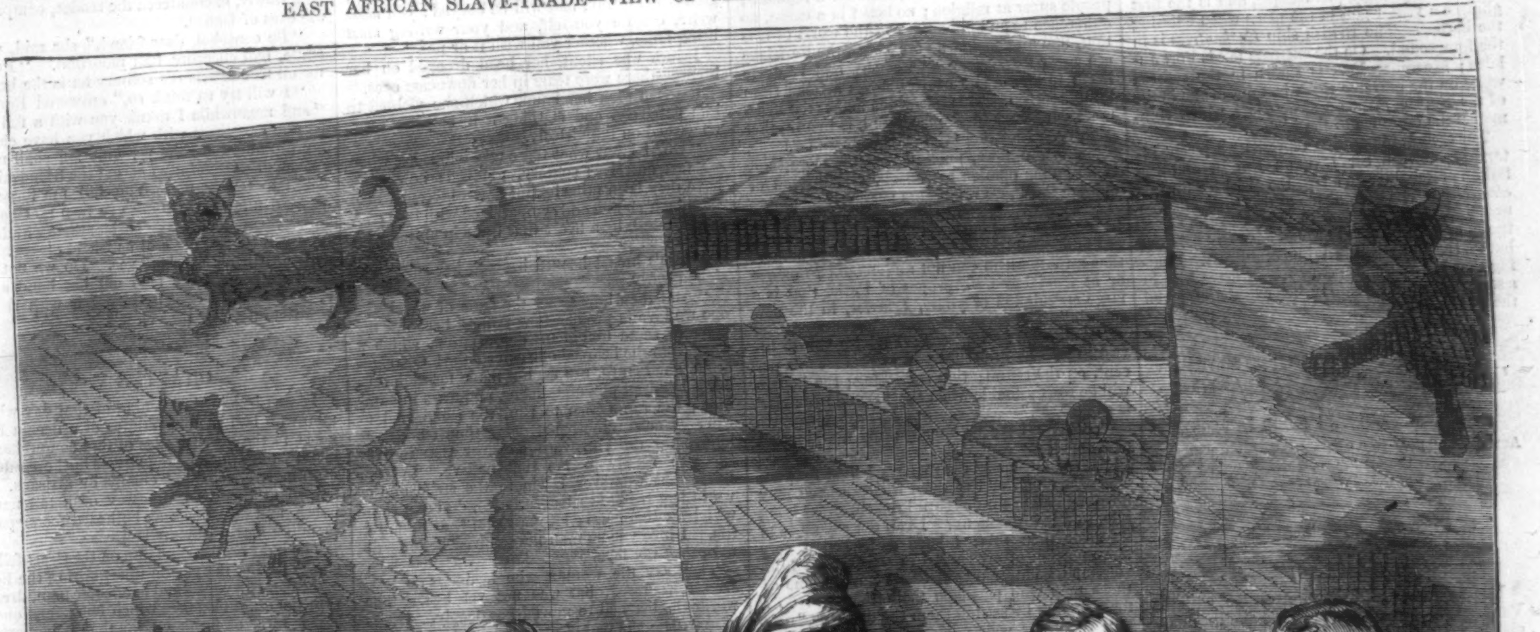


EAST AFRICAN SLAVE-TRADE—VIEW OF THE PORT OF MUSCAT, ARABIA.—[SEE PAGE 586.]



EAST AFRICAN SLAVE-TRADE—INTERVIEW BETWEEN SIR BARTLE FRERE AND THE SULTAN OF ZANZIBAR.—[SEE PAGE 586.]

EAST AFRICAN SLAVE-TRADE.

THE English antislavery mission to the East, which at one time seemed likely to end in failure, has proved to be a remarkable success. Sir BARTLE FRERE, under whose command the expedition was conducted, has induced the Sultan of Zanzibar and the Sultan of Muscat to sign treaties with Great Britain prohibiting the export or import of slaves within their respective dominions. The effect of these treaties will be most important, and will probably induce other Mohammedan rulers to take the same course, and co-operate with Great Britain in repressing the dreadful traffic in human flesh and blood which has so long carried devastation and misery through so many provinces of Eastern Africa.

Of the illustrations on the preceding page the first gives a picturesque view of the town of Muscat. This is a port of considerable importance on the southeast coast of Arabia, in the province of Oman, and has been called the key to the Persian Gulf. Most European vessels touch there on their way up the gulf; the pearl trade of that district is now centred there, while some of the finest vessels in the Indian seas belong to Muscat merchants. The population, numbering upward of 12,000, is singularly mixed, being composed of Hindoos and descendants of Arabs, Persians, Kurds, Afghans, and Belooches. The town is built on the slope of a hill, the bases of the lower houses being nearly washed by the sea. Against the approach of any native enemy, either from sea or land, the town is strongly guarded. The rocks around are scarped in places formerly accessible, and the guns in the fort are always kept loaded. The sentries are excessively vigilant, and all night long, from sunset to sunrise, shout to each other to enjoin wakefulness and watchfulness—a habit which precludes all idea of sleep for new-comers. The view of Muscat, as represented in the illustration, is exceedingly picturesque, and is the first glimpse a visitor gets of the place when entering the harbor. The British ship *Enchantress* is in the foreground. On the extreme left is Fort Julalee; Meeranee Fort is shown in the centre; while on the extreme right, just out of the limits of the picture, stands a strong fort, which commands the entrance to the harbor.

The second illustration represents a recent interview between Sir BARTLE FRERE and the Sultan of Zanzibar on board the British ship *Enchantress*. The Sultan was at first disinclined to make any concessions with regard to the slave-trade, and very likely he would have still held out but for the action of the Sultan of Muscat. Finding that his obstinate policy would leave him in a state of complete isolation, he yielded and signed the treaty.

(Continued from No. 861, page 563.)

THE PARISIANS.

By EDWARD BULWER (LORD LYTTON).

AUTHOR OF "PELHAM," "THE CAXTONS," "THE LAST OF THE BARONS," "MY NOVEL," "THE COMING RACE," ETC., ETC.

BOOK SEVENTH.

CHAPTER IV.

ISAURA was seated in her pretty salon, with the Venosta, M. Savarin, the Morleys, and the financier Louvier, when Rameau was announced.

"Ha!" cried Savarin, "we were just discussing a matter which nearly concerns you, *cher poète*. I have not seen you since the announcement that Pierre Firmin is no other than Victor de Mauléon. *Ma foi*, that worthy seems likely to be as dangerous with his pen as he was once with his sword. The article in which he revealed himself makes a sharp lunge on the government. Take care of yourself. When hawks and nightingales fly together the hawk may escape, and the nightingale complain of the barbarity of kings, in a cage: 'Flebiliter gemens Infelix avis.'"

"He is not fit to conduct a journal," replied Rameau, magniloquently, "who will not brave a danger for his body in defense of the right to infinity for his thought."

"Bravo," said Mrs. Morley, clapping her pretty hands. "That speech reminds me of home. The French are very much like the Americans in their style of oratory."

"So," said Louvier, "my old friend the Vicomte has come out as a writer, a politician, a philosopher; I feel hurt that he kept this secret from me despite our intimacy. I suppose you knew it from the first, M. Rameau?"

"No; I was as much taken by surprise as the rest of the world. You have long known M. de Mauléon?"

"Yes, I may say we began life together—that is, much at the same time."

"What is he like in appearance?" asked Mrs. Morley.

"The ladies thought him very handsome when he was young," replied Louvier. "He is still a fine-looking man, about my height."

"I should like to know him!" cried Mrs. Morley, "if only to tease that husband of mine. He refuses me the dearest of woman's rights—I can't make him jealous."

"You may have the opportunity of knowing this *ci-devant* Lovelace very soon," said Rameau, "for he has begged me to present him to Mademoiselle Cicogna, and I will ask her permission to do so on Thursday evening when she receives."

Isaura, who had hitherto attended very listlessly to the conversation, bowed assent. "Any friend of yours will be welcome. But I own the articles signed in the name of *Pierre Firmin* do not prepossess me in favor of their author."

"Why so?" asked Louvier. "Surely you are not an Imperialist?"

"Nay, I do not pretend to be a politician at all, but there is something in the writing of Pierre Firmin that pains and chills me."

"Yet the secret of its popularity," said Savarin, "is that it says what every one says—only better."

"I see now that it is exactly that which displeases me; it is the Paris talk condensed into epigram: the graver it is, the less it elevates; the lighter it is, the more it saddens."

"That is meant to hit me," said Savarin, with his sunny laugh, "me whom you call cynical."

"No, dear M. Savarin, for above all your cynicism is genuine gayety, and below it solid kindness. You have that which I do not find in M. de Mauléon's writing, nor often in the talk of the *salons*—you have youthfulness."

"Youthfulness at sixty—flatterer!"

"Genius does not count its years by the almanac," said Mrs. Morley. "I know what Isaura means—she is quite right; there is a breath of winter in M. de Mauléon's style, and an odor of fallen leaves. Not that his diction wants vigor; on the contrary, it is crisp with hoar-frost. But the sentiments conveyed by the diction are those of a nature sere and withered. And it is in this combination of brisk words and decayed feelings that his writing represents the talk and mind of Paris. He and Paris are always fault-finding: fault-finding is the attribute of old age."

Colonel Morley looked round with pride, as much as to say, "Clever talker, my wife."

Savarin understood that look, and replied to it courteously. "Madame has a gift of expression which Emile de Girardin can scarcely surpass. But when she blames us for fault-finding, can she expect the friends of liberty to praise the present style of things?"

"I should be obliged to the friends of liberty," said the Colonel, dryly, "to tell me how that state of things is to be mended. I find no enthusiasm for the Orleanists, none for a republic; people sneer at religion; no belief in a cause, no adherence to an opinion. But the worst of it is that, like all people who are *blasés*, the Parisians are eager for strange excitement, and ready to listen to any oracle who promises a relief from indifferentism. This it is which makes the Press more dangerous in France than it is in any other country. Elsewhere the Press sometimes leads, sometimes follows, public opinion. Here there is no public opinion to consult, and instead of opinion the Press represents passion."

"My dear Colonel Morley," said Savarin, "I hear you very often say that a Frenchman can not understand America. Permit me to observe that an American can not understand France—or at least Paris.—Apropos of Paris, that is a large speculation of yours, Louvier, in the new suburb."

"And a very sound one; I advise you to invest in it. I can secure you at present five per cent. on the rental; that is nothing; the houses will be worth double when the 'Rue de Louvier' is completed."

"Alas! I have no money; my new journal absorbs all my capital."

"Shall I transfer the moneys I hold for you, signorina; and add to them whatever you may have made by your delightful *roman*, as yet lying idle, to this investment? I can not say more in its favor than this: I have embarked a very large portion of my capital in the Rue de Louvier, and I flatter myself that I am not one of those men who persuade their friends to do a foolish thing by setting them the example."

"Whatever your advice on such a subject," said Isaura, graciously, "it is sure to be as wise as it is kind."

"You consent, then?"

"Certainly."

Here the Venosta, who had been listening with great attention to Louvier's commendation of this investment, drew him aside, and whispered in his ear, "I suppose, M. Louvier, that one can't put a little money—a very little money—*poco-poco-pocolino*, into your street."

"Into my street! Ah, I understand—into the speculation of the Rue de Louvier—certainly you can! Arrangements are made on purpose to suit the convenience of the smallest capitalists—from 500 francs upward."

"And you feel quite sure that we shall double our money when the street is completed? I should not like to have my brains in my heels."[*]

"More than double it, I hope—long before the street is completed."

"I have saved a little money—very little. I have no relations, and I mean to leave it all to the signorina; and if it could be doubled, why, there would be twice as much to leave her."

"So there would," said Louvier. "You can't do better than put it all into the Rue de Louvier. I will send you the necessary papers to-morrow, when I send hers to the signorina."

Louvier here turned to address himself to Colonel Morley, but finding that degenerate son of America indisposed to get cent per cent. for his money when offered by a Parisian, he very soon took his leave. The other visitors followed his example, except Rameau, who was left alone with the Venosta and Isaura. The former had no liking for Rameau, who showed her none of the attentions her innocent vanity demanded, and she soon took herself off to her own room to calculate the amount of her savings, and dream of the Rue de Louvier and "golden joys."

Rameau, approaching his chair to Isaura's, then commenced conversation, dryly enough, upon pecuniary matters; acquitting himself of the mission with which De Mauléon had charged him, the request for a new work from her pen for the *Sens Commun*, and the terms that ought to be asked for compliance. The young lady-author shrank from this talk. Her private income, though modest, sufficed for her wants, and she felt a sensitive shame in the sale of her thoughts and fancies.

Putting hurriedly aside the mercantile aspect of the question, she said that she had no other work in her mind at present—that whatever her vein of invention might be, it flowed at its own will and could not be commanded.

"Nay," said Rameau "this is not true. We fancy, in our hours of indolence, that we must wait for inspiration, but once force ourselves to work, and ideas spring forth at the wave of the pen. You may believe me here. I speak from experience—I, compelled to work, and in modes not to my taste: I do my task I know not how. I rub the lamp, 'the genius comes.'"

"I have read in some English author that motive power is necessary to continued labor: you have motive power, I have none."

"I do not quite understand you."

"I mean that a strong ruling motive is required to persist in any regular course of action that needs effort: the motive with the majority of men is the need of subsistence; with a large number (as in trades or professions), not actually want, but a desire of gain, and perhaps of distinction in their calling: the desire of professional distinction expands into the longings for more comprehensive fame, more exalted honors, with the few who become great writers, soldiers, statesmen, orators."

"And do you mean to say you have no such motive?"

"None in the sting of want, none in the desire of gain."

"But fame?"

"Alas! I thought so once. I know not now—I begin to doubt if fame should be sought by women?" This was said very dejectedly.

"Tut, dearest signorina, what gadfly has stung you? Your doubt is a weakness unworthy of your intellect; and even were it not, genius is destiny, and will be obeyed: you *must* write, despite yourself, and your writing *must* bring fame, whether you wish it or not."

Isaura was silent, her head drooped on her breast—there were tears in her downcast eyes.

Rameau took her hand, which she yielded to him passively, and clasping it in both his own, he rushed on impulsively.

"Oh, I know what these misgivings are when we feel ourselves solitary, unloved: how often have they been mine! But how different would labor be if shared and sympathized with by a congenial mind, by a heart that beats in unison with one's own!"

Isaura's breast heaved beneath her robe; she sighed softly.

"And then how sweet the fame of which the one we love is proud—how trifling becomes the pang of some malignant depreciation, which a word from the beloved one can soothe! Oh, signorina, oh, Isaura, are we not made for each other? Kindred pursuits, hopes, and fears in common; the same race to run, the same goal to win? I need a motive stronger than I have yet known for the persevering energy that insures success: supply to me that motive. Let me think that whatever I win in the strife of the world is a tribute to Isaura. No, do not seek to withdraw this hand; let me claim it as mine for life. I love you as man never loved before—do not reject my love."

They say the woman who hesitates is lost. Isaura hesitated, but was not yet lost. The words she listened to moved her deeply. Offers of marriage she had already received—one from a rich middle-aged noble, a devoted musical virtuoso; one from a young *avocat* fresh from the provinces, and somewhat calculating on her *dot*; one from a timid but enthusiastic admirer of her genius and her beauty, himself rich, handsome, of good birth, but with shy manners and faltering tongue.

But these had made their proposals with the formal respect habitual to French decorum in matrimonial proposals. Words so eloquently impassioned as Gustave Rameau's had never before thrilled her ears. Yes, she was deeply moved; and yet, by that very emotion, she knew that it was not to the love of this wooer that her heart responded.

There is a circumstance in the history of courtship familiar to the experience of many women, that while the suitor is pleading his cause, his language may touch every fibre in the heart of his listener, yet substitute, as it were, another presence for his own. She may be saying to herself, "Oh that another had said those words!" and be dreaming of the other, while she hears the one.

Thus it was now with Isaura, and not till Rameau's voice had ceased did that dream pass away, and with a slight shiver she turned her face toward the wooer, sadly and pityingly.

"It can not be," she said, in a low whisper; "I were not worthy of your love could I accept it. Forget that you have so spoken; let me still be a friend admiring your genius, interested in your career. I can not be more. Forgive me if I unconsciously led you to think I could, I am so grieved to pain you."

"Am I to understand," said Rameau, coldly, for his *amour propre* was resentful, "that the proposals of another have been more fortunate than mine?" And he named the youngest and comeliest of those whom she had rejected.

"Certainly not," said Isaura.

Rameau rose and went to the window, turning his face from her. In reality, he was striving to collect his thoughts and decide on the course it were most prudent for him now to pursue. The fumes of the absinthe which had, despite his previous forebodings, emboldened him to hazard his avowal, had now subsided into the languid reaction which is generally consequent on that treacherous stimulus, a reaction not unfavorable to passionless reflection. He knew that if he said he could not conquer his love, he would still cling to hope, and trust to perseverance and time, he should compel Isaura to forbid his visits, and break off their familiar intercourse. This would be fatal to the chance of yet winning her, and would also be of serious disadvantage to his more worldly interests. Her literary aid might become essential to the journal on which his fortunes depended, and, at all events, in her conversation, in her encouragement, in her sympathy with the pains and joys of his career, he felt a support, a comfort, nay, an inspiration. For the spontaneous gush of her fresh thoughts and fancies served to recruit his own jaded ideas, and enlarge his own stinted range of invention. No, he could not commit himself to the risk of banishment from Isaura.

And mingled with meaner motives for discretion, there was one of which he was but vaguely conscious, purer and nobler. In the society of this girl, in whom whatever was strong and high in mental organization became so sweetened into feminine grace by gentleness of temper and kindliness of disposition, Rameau felt himself a better man. The virgin-like dignity with which she moved, so untainted by a breath of scandal, amidst *salons* in which the envy of virtues doubted sought to bring innocence itself into doubt, warmed into a genuine reverence the cynicism of his professed creed.

While with her, while under her chastening influence, he was sensible of a poetry infused within him far more true to the Camœnæ than all he had elaborated into verse. In these moments he was ashamed of the vices he had courted as distractions. He imagined that, with her all his own, it would be easy to reform.

No; to withdraw wholly from Isaura was to renounce his sole chance of redemption.

While these thoughts, which it takes so long to detail, passed rapidly through his brain, he felt a soft touch on his arm, and turning his face slowly, encountered the tender, compassionate eyes of Isaura.

"Be consoled, dear friend," she said, with a smile, half cheering, half mournful. "Perhaps for all true artists the solitary lot is the best."

"I will try to think so," answered Rameau; "and meanwhile I thank you with a full heart for the sweetness with which you have checked my presumption—the presumption shall not be repeated. Gratefully I accept the friendship you deign to tender me. You bid me forget the words I uttered. Promise in turn that *you* will forget them—or at least consider them withdrawn. You will receive me still as friend?"

"As friend, surely; yes. Do we not both need friends?" She held out her hand as she spoke; he bent over it, kissed it with respect, and the interview thus closed.

CHAPTER V.

IT was late in the evening of that day when a man who had the appearance of a decent bourgeois, in the lower grades of that comprehensive class, entered one of the streets in the Faubourg Montmartre, tenanted chiefly by artisans. He paused at the open doorway of a tall narrow house, and drew back as he heard footsteps descending a very gloomy staircase.

The light from a gas-lamp on the street fell full on the face of the person thus quitting the house—the face of a young and handsome man, dressed with the quiet elegance which betokened one of higher rank or fashion than that neighborhood was habituated to find among its visitors. The first comer retreated promptly into the shade, and, as by sudden impulse, drew his hat low down over his eyes.

The other man did not, however, observe him, went his way with quick step along the street, and entered another house some yards distant.

"What can that pious Bourbonite do here?" muttered the first comer. "Can he be a conspirator? *Diable!* 'tis as dark as Erebus on that staircase."

Taking cautious hold of the baluster, the man now ascended the stairs. On the landing of the first floor there was a gas-lamp which threw upward a faint ray that finally died at the third story. But at that third story the man's journey ended; he pulled a bell at the door to the right, and in another moment or so the door was opened by a young woman of twenty-eight or thirty, dressed very simply, but with a certain neatness not often seen in the wives of artisans in the Faubourg Montmartre. Her face, which, though pale and delicate, retained much of the beauty of youth, became clouded as she recognized the visitor; evidently the visit was not welcome to her.

"Monsieur Lebeau again!" she exclaimed, shrinking back.

"At your service, *chère dame*. The goodman is of course at home? Ah, I catch sight of him;" and sliding by the woman, M. Lebeau passed the narrow lobby in which she stood, through the open door conducting into the room in which Armand Monnier was seated, his chin propped on his hand, his elbow resting on a table, looking abstractedly into space. In a corner of the room two small children were playing languidly with a set of bone tablets inscribed with the letters of the alphabet. But whatever the children were doing with the alphabet, they were certainly not learning to read from it.

The room was of fair size and height, and by no means barely or shabbily furnished. There was a pretty clock on the mantel-piece. On the wall were hung designs for the decoration of apartments, and shelves on which were ranged a few books.

The window was open, and on the sill were placed flower-pots; you could scent the odor they wafted into the room.

Altogether it was an apartment suited to a skilled artisan earning high wages. From the room we are now in branched on one side a small but commodious kitchen; on the other side, on which the door was screened by a *portière*, with a border prettily worked by female hands—some years ago, for it was faded now—was a bedroom, communicating with one of less size in which the children slept. We do not enter those additional rooms, but it may be well here to mention them as indications of the comfortable state of an intelligent, skilled artisan of Paris, who thinks he can better that state by some revolution which may ruin his employer.

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[*] "*Avere il cervello nella calcagna*"—viz., to act without prudent reflection.

Monnier started up at the entrance of Lebeau, and his face showed that he did not share the dislike to the visit which that of the female partner of his life had evinced. On the contrary, his smile was cordial, and there was a hearty ring in the voice which cried out,

"I am glad to see you. Something to do, eh?"

"Always ready to work for liberty, *mon brave.*"

"I hope so. What's in the wind now?"

"Oh, Armand, be prudent—be prudent," cried the woman, piteously. "Do not lead him into further mischief, Monsieur Lebeau." As she faltered forth the last words, she bowed her head over the two little ones, and her voice died in sobs.

"Monnier," said Lebeau, gravely, "madame is right. I ought not to lead you into further mischief. There are three in the room who have better claims on you than—"

"The cause of the millions," interrupted Monnier.

"No."

He approached the woman, and took up one of the children very tenderly, stroking back its curls and kissing the face, which, if before surprised and saddened by the mother's sob, now smiled gayly under the father's kiss.

"Canst thou doubt, my Héloise," said the artisan, mildly, "that, whatever I do, thou and these are not uppermost in my thoughts? I act for thine interest and theirs—the world as it exists is the foe of you three. The world I would replace it by will be more friendly."

The poor woman made no reply, but as he drew her toward him, she leaned her head upon his breast and wept quietly. Monnier led her thus from the room, whispering words of soothing. The children followed the parents into the adjoining chamber. In a few minutes Monnier returned, shutting the door behind him and drawing the *portière* close.

"You will excuse me, citizen, and my poor wife—wife she is to me and to all who visit here, though the law says she is not."

"I respect madame the more for her dislike to myself," said Lebeau, with a somewhat melancholy smile.

"Not dislike to you personally, citizen, but dislike to the business which she connects with your visits, and she is more than usually agitated on that subject this evening, because, just before you came, another visitor had produced a great effect on her feelings—poor dear Héloise."

"Indeed! How?"

"Well, I was employed in the winter in redecorating the *salon* and *boudoir* of Madame de Vandemar; her son, M. Raoul, took great interest in superintending the details. He would sometimes talk to me very civilly, not only on my work, but on other matters. It seems that madame now wants something done to the *salle-à-manger*, and asked old Gérard—my late master, you know—to send me. Of course he said that was impossible—for, though I was satisfied with my own wages, I had induced his other men to strike, and was one of the ringleaders in the recent strike of artisans in general, a dangerous man, and he would have nothing more to do with me. So M. Raoul came to see and talk with me—scarce gone before you rang at the bell—you might have almost met him on the stairs."

"I saw a *beau monsieur* come out of the house. And so his talk has affected madame."

"Very much; it was quite brother-like. He is one of the religious set, and they always get at the weak side of the soft sex."

"Ay," said Lebeau, thoughtfully, "if religion were banished from the laws of men, it would still find a refuge in the hearts of women. But Raoul de Vandemar did not presume to preach to madame upon the sin of loving you and your children?"

"I should like to have heard him preach to her," cried Monnier, fiercely. "No; he only tried to reason with me about matters he could not understand."

"Strikes?"

"Well, not exactly strikes—he did not contend that we workmen had not full right to combine and to strike for obtaining fairer money's worth for our work; but he tried to persuade me that where, as in my case, it was not a matter of wages, but of political principle—of war against capitalists—I could but injure myself and mislead others. He wanted to reconcile me to old Gérard, or to let him find me employment elsewhere; and when I told him that my honor forbade me to make terms for myself till those with whom I was joined were satisfied, he said, 'But if this lasts much longer, your children will not look so rosy;' then poor Héloise began to wring her hands and cry, and he took me aside and wanted to press money on me as a loan. He spoke so kindly that I could not be angry; but when he found I would take nothing, he asked me about some families in the street of whom he had a list, and who, he was informed, were in great distress. That is true; I am feeding some of them myself out of my savings. You see, this young monsieur belongs to a society of men, many as young as he is, which visits the poor and dispenses charity. I did not feel I had a right to refuse aid for others, and I told him where his money would be best spent. I suppose he went there when he left me."

"I know the society you mean, that of St. François de Sâles. It comprises some of the most ancient of that old *noblesse* to which the *ouvriers* in the great Revolution were so remorseless."

"We *ouvriers* are wiser now; we see that in assailing *them*, we gave ourselves worse tyrants in the new aristocracy of the capitalists. Our quarrel now is that of artisans against employers."

"Of course I am aware of that. But to leave general politics, tell me frankly, How has the strike affected you as yet?—I mean in purse. Can you stand its pressure? If not, you are above the false pride of not taking help from me, a fellow-conspirator, though you were justified in refusing it when offered by Raoul de Vandemar, the servant of the Church."

"Pardon, I refuse aid from any one, except for the common cause. But do not fear for me; I am not pinched as yet. I have had high wages for some years, and since I and Héloise came together I have not wasted a *sou* out-of-doors, except in the way of public duty, such as making converts at the *Jean Jacques* and elsewhere: a glass of beer and a pipe don't cost much. And Héloise is such a housewife, so thrifty, scolds me if I buy her a ribbon, poor love! No wonder that I would pull down a society that dares to scoff at her—dares to say she is not my wife, and her children are base-born. No, I have some savings left yet. War to society, war to the knife!"

"Monnier," said Lebeau, in a voice that evinced emotion, "listen to me: I have received injuries from society which, when they were fresh, half maddened me—that is twenty years ago. I would then have thrown myself into any plot against society that proffered revenge; but society, my friend, is a wall of very strong masonry, as it now stands; it may be sapped in the course of a thousand years, but stormed in a day—no. You dash your head against it—you scatter your brains, and you dislodge a stone. Society smiles in scorn, effaces the stain, and replaces the stone. I no longer war against society. I do war against a system in that society which is hostile to me—systems in France are easily overthrown. I say this because I want to use you, and I do not want to deceive."

"Deceive me, bah! You are an honest man," cried Monnier; and he seized Lebeau's hand, and shook it with warmth and vigor. "But for you I should have been a mere grumbler. No doubt I should have cried out where the shoe pinched, and railed against laws that vex me; but from the moment you first talked to me I became a new man. You taught me to act, as Rousseau and Madame de Grantmesnil had taught me to think and to feel. There is my brother, a grumbler too, but professes to have a wiser head than mine. He is always warning me against you, against joining a strike, against doing any thing to endanger my skin. I always went by his advice till you taught me that it is well enough for women to talk and complain; men should dare and do."

"Nevertheless," said Lebeau, "your brother is a safer counselor to a *père de famille* than I. I repeat what I have so often said before: I desire, and I resolve, that the empire of M. Bonaparte shall be overthrown. I see many concurrent circumstances to render that desire and resolve of practicable fulfillment. You desire and resolve the same thing. Up to that point we can work together. I have encouraged your action only so far as it served my design; but I separate from you the moment you would ask me to aid *your* design in the hazard of experiments which the world has never yet favored, and, trust me, Monnier, the world never will favor."

"That remains to be seen," said Monnier, with compressed, obstinate lips. "Forgive me, but you are not young; you belong to an old school."

"Poor young man!" said Lebeau, readjusting his spectacles, "I recognize in you the genius of Paris, be the genius good or evil. Paris is never warned by experience. Be it so. I want you so much, your enthusiasm is so fiery, that I can concede no more to the mere sentiment which makes me say to myself, 'It is a shame to use this great-hearted, wrong-headed creature for my personal ends.' I come at once to the point—that is, the matter on which I seek you this evening. At my suggestion, you have been a ringleader in strikes which have terribly shaken the imperial system, more than its ministers deem. Now I want a man like you to assist in a bold demonstration against the imperial resort to a rural priest-ridden suffrage, on the part of the enlightened working class of Paris."

"Good!" said Monnier.

"In a day or two the result of the Plébiscite will be known. The result of universal suffrage will be enormously in favor of the desire expressed by one man."

"I don't believe it," said Monnier, stoutly. "France can not be so hoodwinked by the priests."

"Take what I say for granted," resumed Lebeau, calmly. "On the 8th of this month we shall know the amount of the majority—some millions of French votes. I want Paris to separate itself from France, and declare against those blundering millions. I want an *émeute*, or rather a menacing *demonstration*—not a premature revolution, mind. You must avoid bloodshed."

"It is easy to say that beforehand; but when a crowd of men once meets in the streets of Paris—"

"It can do much by meeting, and cherishing resentment if the meeting be dispersed by an armed force, which it would be waste of life to resist."

"We shall see when the time comes," said Monnier, with a fierce gleam in his bold eyes.

"I tell you, all that is required at this moment is an evident protest of the artisans of Paris against the votes of the 'rurals' of France. Do you comprehend me?"

"I think so; if not, I obey. What we *ouvriers* want is what we have not got—a head to dictate action to us."

"See to this, then. Rouse the men you can command. I will take care that you have plentiful aid from foreigners. We may trust to the *confrères* of our council to enlist Poles and Italians; Gaspard Le Noy will turn out the volunteer rioters at his command. Let the *émeute* be within, say, a week after the vote of the Plébiscite is taken. You will need that time to prepare."

"Be contented—it shall be done."

"Good-night, then." Lebeau leisurely took up his hat and drew on his gloves; then, as if struck by a sudden thought, he turned briskly on the artisan and said, in quick, blunt tones,

"Armand Monnier, explain to me why it is that you, a Parisian artisan, the type of a class the most insubordinate, the most self-conceited, that exists on the face of earth, take without question, with so docile a submission, the orders of a man who plainly tells you he does not sympathize in your ultimate objects, of whom you really know very little, and whose views you candidly own you think are those of an old and obsolete school of political reasoners."

"You puzzle me to explain," said Monnier, with an ingenuous laugh, that brightened up features stern and hard, though comely when in repose. "Partly because you are so straightforward, and do not talk *blague;* partly because I don't think the class I belong to would stir an inch unless we had a leader of another class—and you give *me* at least that leader. Again, you go to that first stage which we all agree to take, and— Well, do you want me to explain more?"

"Yes."

"*Eh bien!* you have warned me, like an honest man; like an honest man, I warn you. That first step we take together. I want to go a step further. You retreat; you say, 'No.' I reply, you are committed; that further step you must take, or I cry, '*Traître!—à la lanterne!*' You talk of 'superior experience:' bah! what does experience really tell you? Do you suppose that Louis Egalité, when he began to plot against Louis XVIII., meant to vote for his kinsman's execution by the guillotine? Do you suppose that Robespierre, when he commenced his career as the foe of capital punishment, foresaw that he should be the Minister of the Reign of Terror? Not a bit of it. Each was committed by his use of those he designed for his tools. So must you be—or you perish."

Lebeau, leaning against the door, heard the frank avowal he had courted without betraying a change of countenance. But when Armand Monnier had done, a slight movement of his lips showed emotion. Was it of fear or disdain?

"Monnier," he said, gently, "I am so much obliged to you for the manly speech you have made. The scruples which my conscience had before entertained are dispelled. I dreaded lest I, a declared wolf, might seduce into peril an innocent sheep. I see I have to deal with a wolf of younger vigor and sharper fangs than myself; so much the better; obey my orders now; leave it to time to say whether I obey yours later. *Au revoir.*"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FASCINATION.

THE power of fascination takes sundry shapes, and is attributed to diverse causes. An old writer tells us, "In the Moluccos are serpents thirty feet long, which eat a certain herb, then get upon trees by the banks of the sea or rivers, and vomit up the herbs; to which the fish gather, and are intoxicated, which makes them float on the water and become the serpent's prey." The same compiler records that "in Manilla there are serpents of a great length, that hang by the tail on trees, draw men and beasts with the force of their breath; and the only way to prevent it is to beat the air betwixt them and the serpent; they are called ibitin."

Subsequent naturalists have admitted the existence of some mysterious agency with a hesitating sort of half belief, not denying the effect, but doubting the cause. It was for a long time taken for granted that the rattlesnake had the power of torpifying by its breath (which is one thing), and of fascinating (which is another)—that is, of forcing its prey, by its glance alone, to precipitate themselves into its mouth. This, however, is softened down by Cuvier into the idea that the rattlesnake is enabled to seize its victims only in consequence of the irregular movements which the fear of its aspect causes them to make. But that the mere sight of a reptile should paralyze any other creature with terror almost decides the point at issue.

There are travelers who clinch the nail by assuring us that squirrels, on being fixedly regarded from below by a serpent on the ground, hissing and darting its forked tongue as it watches their movements, are constrained to fall from the summits of trees into the hungry reptile's mouth. Credible eye-witnesses have beheld things of the kind not much less astounding. In the steppes of America there are serpents, the durissus and the boïquira, which must possess some charm by which their prey is forced into their mouths. Hares, rats, frogs, and other reptiles, as soon as they catch sight of their foe, seem petrified with terror, and, far from attempting to fly, will precipitate themselves upon the fate which awaits them. Even at a sufficient distance for escape, they are paralyzed by the threatened danger, and deprived of all their faculties in a manner that appears, if not supernatural, at least unaccountable.

In some parts of Europe an attractive power is unhesitatingly attributed to several species of snakes. A person of education assured the Abbé Bonnaterre (author of *Tableau des Trois Regnes,* 1790) that he had seen a wren thus fascinated by a collared snake. The reptile, open-mouthed, kept his eyes fixed on the bird, which made vain efforts to escape. But, detained by some magic influence, it could only utter faint cries of alarm and grief. At last, irresistibly drawn on, it rushed of its own accord into the serpent's mouth.

Monsieur B. Saint-Marc (of *L'Illustration, Journal Universel*) found himself in a green oasis at the foot of Mont Ventoux (a mountain whose distant and hazy majesty strikes the visitor to Avignon) on a sultry day, without a breath of wind, when heat was visibly flickering over the surface of the soil. His ear caught strange cries from a little bird, one of the sedge-warblers, which was curiously fluttering in the air a few yards above the ground. With outspread tail, bristling feathers, and beating wings, it seemed to be struggling in vain to escape from some terrible danger. As if held, like a boy's kite in a gale, by an invisible thread, it darted to and fro in all directions; but the unseen thread retained it firmly, and dragged it closer and closer to the ground.

Glancing from it perpendicularly downward, Monsieur Saint-Marc saw peeping above some thistles a small triangular, flattened head, whose eyes, darting singular glances, steadily followed and mastered the movements and efforts of the bird, doubtless fascinated by those horrid eyes. The jaws were making ready to unhinge themselves and open wide to entomb the poor victim. It was a full-sized yellow-green common snake, standing, with the help of the thistles, erect on its tail. The bird's cries, grown weaker, more hurried, and more plaintive, showed that its strength was at last exhausted. In another instant it would have been buried quick in a living tomb.

Opportunities of witnessing such a "feeding time" are rare. But Monsieur Saint-Marc had not the heart to let the fatal catastrophe arrive and allow the hideous animal to feast on a living fellow-creature. He threw a big stone at the fascinator. The snake drew back and ceased to show himself. The charm was broken.

The bird darted straight away, describing a long parabola, and fell to the ground at fifty paces distant, where it leaped exactly like a fish taken out of water. You would have thought it was in a convulsive fit. But it soon recovered, stood firmly on its legs, shook its ruffled plumage into tidy shape, made two or three skips above the grass, and finally flew away, disappearing behind a group of lofty trees.

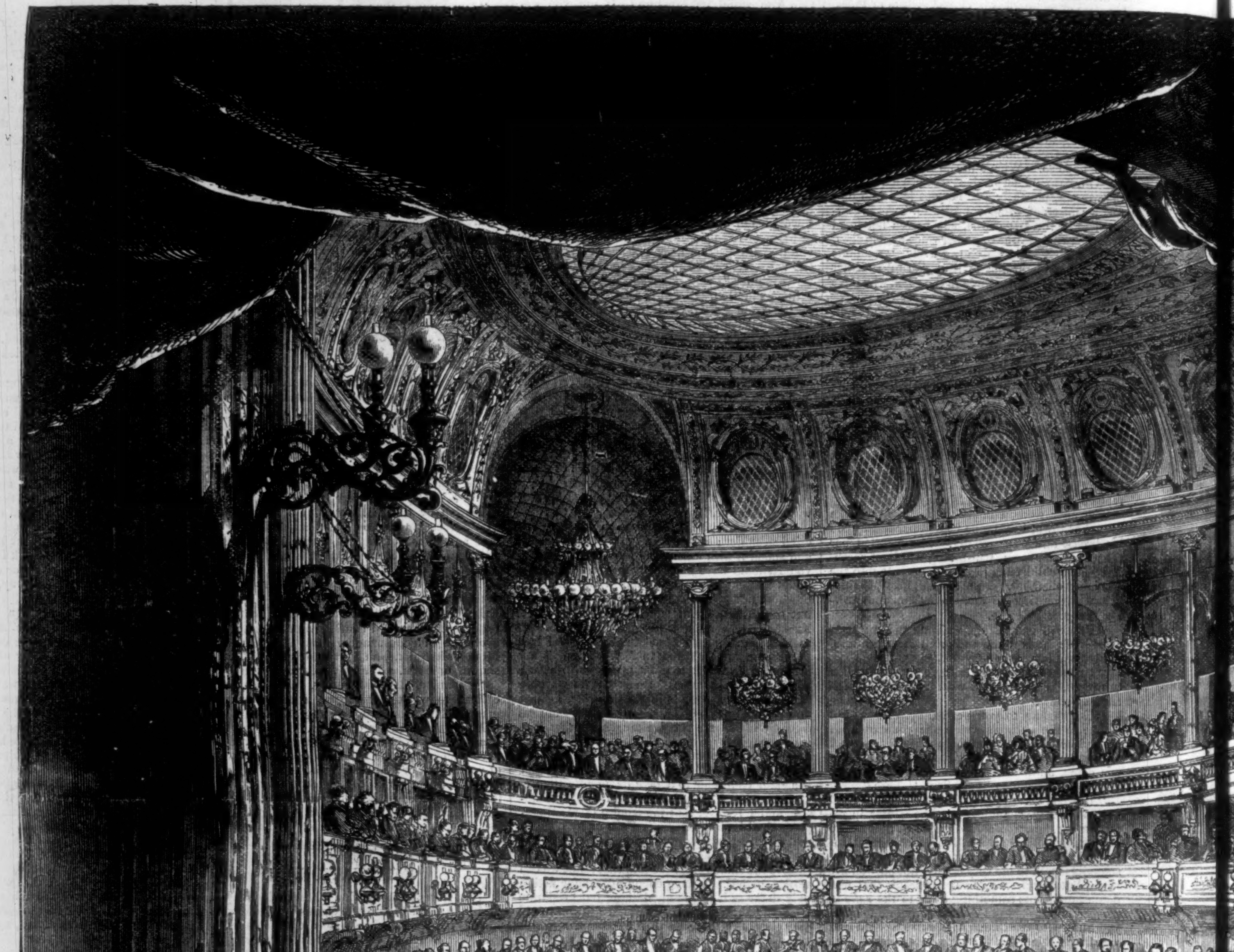
Monsieur Saint-Marc then tried to dislodge the snake from the bramble-bush into which it had retreated, without much caring to succeed. He detests the whole family of limbless beasts, with cloven tongues and lidless eyes, who advance by winding, who can walk on the tips of their tails, who coil themselves up into nothing, and then dart forward with the force of a spring, whose muscles are as hard and as strong as steel, and which live after the brute is chopped up into bits. But the incident left him completely convinced of the snake's astounding influence. At the same time, he makes no attempt to give any physiological explanation of the fact, or to say what this fluid, this magnetism, this irresistible allurement, can possibly be.

Of snake-charmers and their ways there is no space to speak here now. There are men who can exercise a like power over rats they have caught; but, unlike the case with snakes, it appears that they must catch them first. But snakes seem to be coming into fashion. A tame snake, returning from a visit, was one of the articles sent by post last year.

The most charming snake-charmer is Mrs. M——, whom an inquirer, "not very much afraid of snakes," has been kindly allowed to interview. Mr. M——, who received the visitor, after remarks upon the weather produced out of a cupboard a large boa-constrictor, a python, and several small snakes, which at once made themselves at home on the writing-table among pens, ink, and books. Interviewer was a good deal startled when the two large snakes coiled round and round Mr. M——, and began to notice himself with their bright eyes and forked tongues. Mr. M—— then went to call Mrs. M——, leaving him alone with the boa deposited on an arm-chair. He felt queer when the animal began gradually to come near him to improve their tête-à-tête, but was soon relieved by the entrance of his hosts, followed by two little children, charming and charmers also. The lady and the children went at once to the boa, and, calling it by the most endearing names, allowed it to twine itself most gracefully round about them. This boa-constrictor, as thick round as a small tree, twined playfully round the lady's waist and neck, forming a kind of turban round her head, and expecting to be petted and made much of, like a kitten. The children over and over again took its head in their hands, and kissed its mouth, pushing aside its forked tongue in doing so. "Every one to his taste," as the old man said when he kissed his cow. The animal seemed much pleased, but kept continually turning its head toward interviewer, until he allowed it for a moment to nestle its head up his sleeve. This splendid serpent coiled all round Mrs. M—— while she moved about the room, and when she stood up to pour out coffee. He seemed to adjust his weight so nicely, and every coil with its beautiful markings was relieved by the lady's black velvet dress.

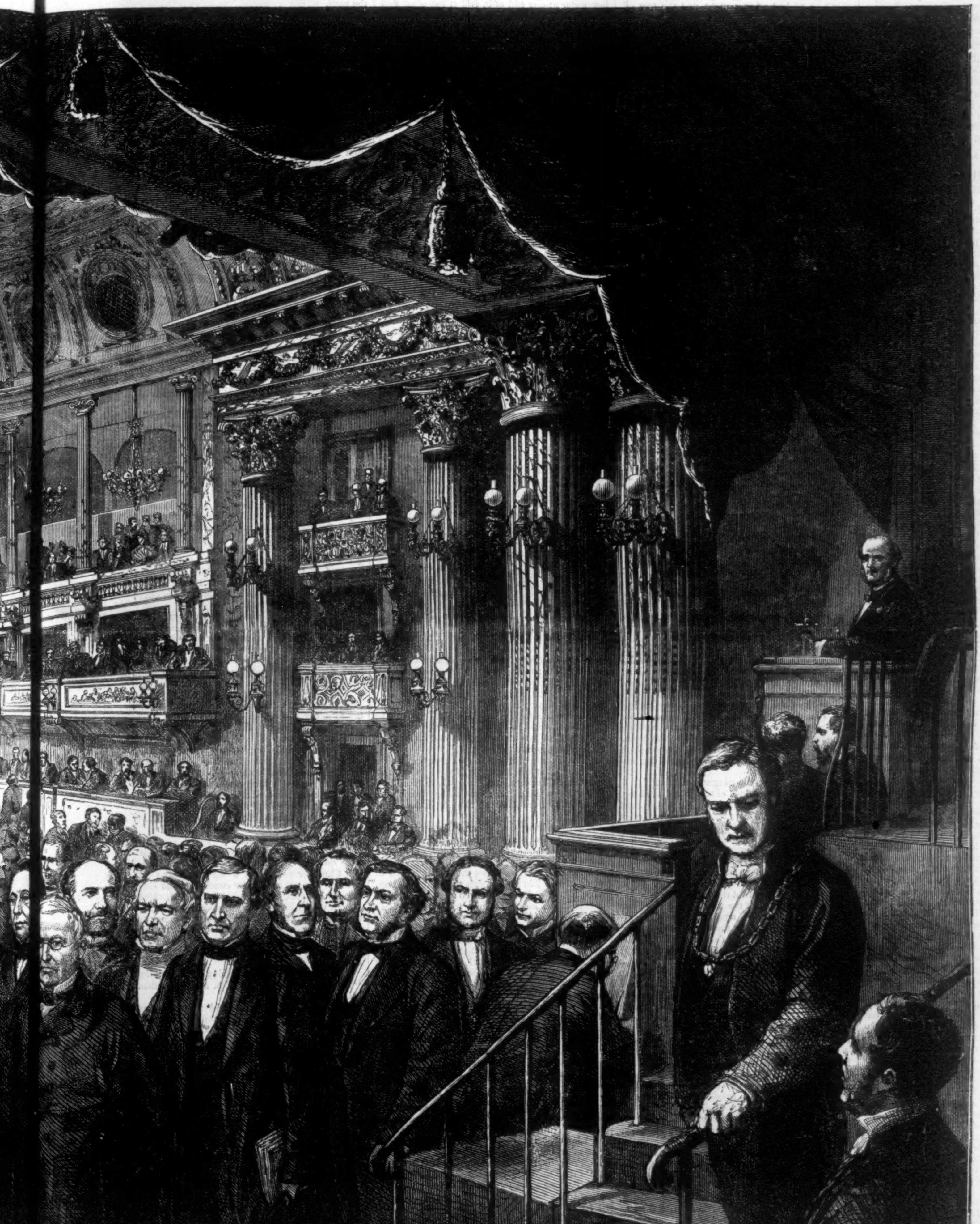
About a year ago Mr. and Mrs. M—— were away for six weeks, and left the boa in charge of a keeper at the Zoo. The poor reptile moped, slept, and refused to be comforted; but when his master and mistress appeared, he sprang upon them with delight, coiling himself round them, and showing every symptom of intense delight. The children are devoted to their "darling Cleo," as they call the snake, and smiled when interviewer asked if they were ever frightened of it.

Interviewer's conclusion. It is mere prejudice, when snakes are not venomous, to abhor them as we do. They are intelligent and harmless, perfectly clean, with no sort of smell, make no kind of noise, and move about far more gracefully than lap-dogs or other pets. These seemed very obedient, and remained in their cupboard when told to do so.



M. De Kerdrel. M. H. Brisson. M. Challemel-Lacour. M. Barodet. M. Louis Blanc. M. Emmanuel Arago. M. Léon Gambetta. M. Eugène Pelletan. M. A. Crémieux. M. Jules Favre. M. H. Martin. M. Casimir-Périer. Duc de Broglie. Duc d'Audiffret Pasquier. M. Comte

THE FRENCH NATIONAL ASSEMBLY IN THE


M. lowski.
Comt Rémusat.
M. A. Thiers.
Ad. Jaures.
M. Dufaure.
M. Barthélemy St. Hilaire.
M. Martel.
Mgr. Dupanloup.
M. Batbie.
M. Rouher.
M. De Gavardie.

HE T EATRE AT VERSAILLES, 1873.—[See Page 590.]

JUNE.

Gleaming, golden, joyous June,
Now are birds in fullest tune,
And the richer flowers display
All their wealth of bright array;
Fair meridian of the year,
All things lovely hold you dear;
Earth no lovelier scene discloses
Than your bright and blushing roses.

Linger, sunshine! Speed not soon,
Silver-crested Juno's moon!
Stay to shed o'er hill and down
Gems from Summer's shining crown;
Stay, and teach us by your light
That our earth has something bright,
And our life full oft discloses
Flowers as fragrant as June roses.

THE FRENCH NATIONAL ASSEMBLY.

On the 12th February, 1871, the present National Assembly of France held its first sitting in the little theatre of Bordeaux, and commenced the task of concluding peace with a victorious enemy, and reorganizing a country utterly demoralized by defeat and misfortune. Peace concluded, and the first homeward step of the Germans made, the Deputies determined to remove somewhat nearer the capital, but rightly mistrusting the unruly Parisians, established themselves in the Salle d'Opera of Louis XIV., in the palace at Versailles. At the present time, when the Assembly is attracting universal attention, a slight sketch of what has been termed the "mechanism" of the Chamber may be found interesting. The Assembly numbers 750 members, elected by universal suffrage, each Deputy being more than twenty-five years of age. Like our own members of Congress, they are salaried, but they receive only about $1800 per annum. In olden days "Every Frenchman carries a marshal's *bâton* in his knapsack" was the popular proverb. For *bâton* people now read "ministerial portfolio." The first act of the parliamentary session is the election of the President of the Assembly, an official whose power within those walls is supreme, who calls unruly members to order by ringing his hand-bell, suspends the *séance* by putting on his hat, accords or withdraws permission to speak, gives the casting-vote in an equal division, and is rewarded with $12,000 a year and rooms in the Assembly precincts. He is assisted by six secretaries, who with him constitute the *bureau* of the Assembly, and decide in what sense the Deputies have voted. Next come the elections of the four Questors, who are the administrative officers of the Chamber, and control the warming, lighting, furnishing, and *buffet* arrangements, together with the distribution of admission tickets. For this they receive a yearly stipend of $1000 beyond their pay as Deputies.

The seven hundred and fifty Deputies are divided into fifteen bureaux of fifty members each, constituted by lot periodically, and which perform the work of select committees under self-chosen presidents. Every measure introduced into the House is firstly relegated to an "initiative" bureau, composed of two delegates from each general bureau, which decides whether it is worthy of consideration. It is then deliberated by the Assembly in open session, subsequently sent to another bureau to be reported on, and finally, if not successfully opposed, read three times in the Assembly. Ministerial bills, however, and those voted "urgent," escape the "initiative" ordeal, while the latter in addition, after an examination by a bureau, only need one reading to become law. The modes of voting are various, but the two generally adopted are by the alternate rising of the "ayes" and "noes," or by each Deputy writing his name on a white or blue card (according as he is content, or otherwise), and dropping it into a box handed round by the secretaries. Priority of speech is decided by the President of the Assembly, and each orator speaks from the tribune immediately under the President's box, shown on the right of the double-page engraving which we give this week.

The engraving represents the principal leaders of the party struggles of the last two years. Of MM. Thiers, Jules Favre, Louis Blanc, De Rémusat, Rouher, Casimir-Périer, and many others the names alone will suffice; but of the remainder we may mention that M. De Kerdrel in the first days of the Assembly created considerable excitement by the bold avowal of his Legitimist opinions, and subsequently initiated the opposition to M. Thiers's message of last November, which all but overthrew the Thiersite régime in the beginning of this year; that M. Batbie is the Minister for Public Instruction in the Broglie cabinet, and was the reporter of the well-known Thirty Committee; that the Duc d'Audiffret Pasquier gained much of his popularity by his recent exposition of army contract frauds during the Franco-Prussian war; that M. Henri Martin is a celebrated historian; that M. Wolowski recently introduced a bill for the improvement of the inhabitants of what remains to France of Alsace and Lorraine; that M. Arago was Mayor during the siege of Paris, and as an advanced radical unsuccessfully opposed the wish of the Assembly to declare itself "constituted" on the first day of meeting; that M. Crémieux is an ex-4th-September minister, whose son was shot at Marseilles for attempting to declare the "Commune;" that M. Challemel Lacour was the radical Prefect of Lyons, who, during the war, ineffectually ordered the Legitimist Caryon-Latour to be shot for hauling down a red flag; and that M. Barodet was recently Mayor of Lyons, and defeated M. De Rémusat in the contest for Paris a few weeks ago, the result of which did so much to bring about the fall of M. Thiers.

THE SUPERVISOR'S STORY.

It was at ——, in Yorkshire, that I first met with my friend the supervisor. I had the pleasure of an evening's conversation with him, an evening and a morning, as I may say, for we didn't go to bed all that night, and the tots of toddy reached a total that caused Reason to totter on her throne. We were conversing, among other topics, upon Fenianism; and I remarked to my friend the supervisor that I felt a little tender in touching on the theme, for that I didn't exactly know, although I was certain he was a Scotchman, whether he mightn't be an Irishman as well. You'll bear in mind that we'd reached the stage of our "toddy tournament" which might be termed the *mêlée* (or the mellow, in the vernacular); anyhow, we were getting mixed in our ideas.

And I am not surprised at that same, said Sandy, for I lived many years in Ireland, when I was just a gauger, and I grew so intimate with the Irish that my tongue got a twist that it's never recovered from to this day. I was in a wildish part of the country, up among the bogs of Tipperary. I was just a raw laddie then, upon my approbation as it were, and I was gey active, ye may be sure, routing about the country hunting for stills and shebeens, "searching auld wives' barrels," trying to speer out something that might be a feather in my cap, and bring me speedy promotion. But never a drop of potheen or the whiff of a still I could come across, though they were swarming about me the whiles.

But one day, as I sat on the top of a bit hillock looking over the wild country, and thinking of the braes o' Kirkokyrie, I spied a man coming along a wee bit track over the moor, and he was as fou as the laird o' Craigdarroch.

He was a stranger to the parts, too, and didn't know the face of me, and he came rolling and sliddering along to where I was sitting.

"God save you, friend!" said I.

"The s-saints purtect you!" said my friend.

"It's the decent drop o' liquor you get up there beyant."

"Be me soul, it is."

"And it's a decent gossoon that sells it," I went on.

"Indeed he is."

"Will there be a drop left in the jug up beyant?"

"There's lashings of it."

"Maybe ye'd like a drop more of that same?"

"Indeed I would."

"Then I'll be for treating you, friend;" and I linked my arm with his, and away we went over hill and dale, while we came to a lone hut in a bit hag or dingle, where there was a reek of peat smoke, and a bit of a bummling noise that was the poor fellows inside singing. Well, my friend gave a sort of countersign that I couldn't see the trick of, and he and I both walked in and sot down on a heap of turfs by the floor, and called for the potheen, and I paid for it, and never a one of them was the wiser. But they hadn't got the still there. I found that out; it was up among the bogs somewhere, and I was hoping they'd let drop something that 'd give me a line to where it was, when all of a sudden there dropped in a little man, a grocer from the town, and the shine from the door as it opened upon me lit up my face, and in the surprise of the moment he sang out,

"Lads, ye've got the gauger among ye!"

There was a great kish of turf just behind me, and before I could stir a hand, somebody had clapped it over me like an extinguisher, and what with the dust of the turf, and a wheen few trifles that was among it, and the reek and the stink, I didn't come to my senses for a minute or two; and when I popped my head out of the basket, never a soul was there but the old grandmother snoring away in her old chair by the fire.

But though they saved their still, they couldn't get over the selling of the drink: that was plain enough against them; against Terence Macarthy, that is, who lived in the cabin. He was just the cat's-paw of the men that worked the still; but he got all the punishment, more's the pity! Well, I summoned Terence, and got him fined a hundred pounds; and as there was nothing in the world in his hut but the old turf kish as I had kicked the bottom out of, and his grandmother's chair that had been thatched with a bit oat straw, I took out a body-warrant, as we call it, and made up my mind I'd have to take my friend to Dublin Castle.

Now, Ireland's a different country altogether from this; and after we'd had our sessions, and the magistrates had signed the warrant against poor Terence, we went into the public-house close by—the whole lot of us, magistrates and all—and began to drink whisky like fish.

"Sandy, me boy," said Mike Hackett—ye remember Mike?—"Sandy, isn't it trembling ye are with apprehension?" He was very particular in his conversation, was Mike. "Isn't it shaking ye are, from the crown of your occiput to the very phalanxes of your pedals, at the job you've got in hand to incarcerate Terence Macarthy?"

"They say 'twas he shot the bailiff," shouted one.

"Divil a one than he murthered the sheriff's officer," cried another.

"Come," I said at last, getting rather cross the way they was chaffing me—"come, I'll bet a gallon of potheen with any sportsman in the room that I'll take the boy to Dublin Castle all by myself."

"Done with you!" cried a dozen voices.

And I was booked for about a hogshead of whisky before I knew where I was. But I wouldn't go back; only when the excitement of the drink was out of me, I felt as if I'd a deal rather have left it undone, for they were a wild lot were the Macarthys, and it was a wild country they lived in.

It was nearly a week before I could get across from Shillaloo to Terence Macarthy's cabin, which was in the barony of Tullabardine.

It was just the dusk of the evening I got to the top of the hill that looked over Terence's cabin; and a dismal hole it seemed, that same little hag or dingle. There was a bit pool of black bog-water at one end of it, and at the other was Terence's cabin—just a heap of turf, with a hole for the smoke to come out.

If it wasn't for being laughed at, I'd have gone back. Well, I dropped down into the hollow, and walked up to the cabin. The door was open; and the thought came to me for the moment that they'd all gone off: and pleased I'd have been for that. But no; there was a bit fire in the corner, and in the darkness I could just see some people crouching down, and the old grandmother sitting in her chair by the peat fire.

"God save all here!" I said, as I walked in.

"Save ye kindly!" replied a gruff voice from the corner.

And with that I sat down on the old kish that had been filled with turf, and pulled out my pipe and began to smoke. I could distinguish objects now in the gloom. There was just a heap of children in the corner, with an old rag covering them, sleeping just as sweetly, too, as if they'd been wrapped in down; and there was the mother of them with the babe at her breast, and Terence lying doubled up with his head in his bosom; but never another soul in the hut.

"Take a draw of a pipe, mon," said I; "and don't be downhearted."

I gave him my bag of tobacco, and he found a pipe in the corner, and began to smoke.

"Ye'll no have a wee drap whisky in the house?" I said.

"Divil a drap your hanner's left us," said the man, dryly.

"Take a pull at my flask, then," said I.

And Terence took it and drank. Somehow I felt more comfortable then. I was safe as long as I was inside the cabin.

"I suppose you know what I've come here for, Terence?" I said, after a while.

As though this had been a preconcerted signal, the wife here burst out with loud lamentations; the old grandmother raised a feeble "wirru, wirru!" rocking herself backward and forward in her chair; the children in the corner, aroused by the noise, began to wail and cry; and the little babe at the breast howled dismally in concert.

"Oh, what will we do, what will we do? Oh, Terry, Terry, will ye leave the children to starve, and the babe that hangs to me breast? Ochone! Ochone!"

"Whisht, woman, d'ye hear? Mayhap it isn't so bad as we think. Mayhap his hanner will give us a week or two, while the praties come out of the ground, and—"

"I can't do it, Terence; it's a Queen's job, you know."

"And if the Queen were spoken to, yer hanner," said the woman—"she's had babes of her own—she wouldn't take the husband away from me that wasn't to blame at all, except with being too good-natured with those two black villins—"

"Hold your tongue, Bridget!" shouted Terence, interrupting her.

"There is a way," I said. "If Terence will show me the road to the still up among the bogs, he'll be let off his imprisonment, and happen get twenty pounds into the bargain."

"Oh, Terence darling, do you hear that? Do you hear what his hanner tells you? Go on to your knees, Terence, and thank his hanner!"

But I saw Terence was not to be shaken; he thrust away from him the clinging arms of his wife.

"Do you know that it's an informer he wants me to be? I'm ready to go," he said, getting up and coming toward me. "Come along, yer hanner, afore my heart breaks entirely."

"All right, Terence; we must walk across to where the Dublin road crosses the tail of the bog. We shall have plenty of time to catch the coach."

"Is it the coach I'll have to go by? Won't it cost a power of money?"

"Seventeen shillings the fare, two shillings the coachman, a shilling for refreshment; you'll cost the country a pound altogether, Terence."

"A pound, your hanner! a whole pound! a goolden sovereign to take the likes of me to prison? Oh, your hanner," said Terence, his face lighting up all of a sudden, "if ye'd only give the pound to the misthress, to keep the childer and the babes while I lie in the jail, I'd run by the side, yer hanner; ye should never take your eyes off me. Ah, I'd bless your hanner all the days of my life, and the childer should learn to pray for you, and the old mother that's almost in the grave shall entreat the Queen of Heaven for your soul."

I was young and soft-hearted then; I couldn't withstand the sight of so much distress. I gave him the sovereign, which he handed over to his wife. "Now, Terence," I said, "I shall trust to your honor. By ten o'clock to-morrow morning you must be at Dublin Castle gate; if you fail me, I'm ruined by my kindness to you."

"I'll be there, your hanner, by the holy cross," said Terence, crossing himself devoutly, to give effect to his words.

I didn't feel comfortable either, but I wouldn't go back from my word; so I made my way across the heath. Terence showed me my route till we came in sight of the Dublin road, a white streak in the darkness, and then he went loping on his way by some inscrutable tracks across the hills.

After I'd waited some time, the coach came up; the front seats were full, and I took my place behind, where there was nobody but an old woman, who was fast asleep, propped up by some boxes. I seated myself beside the old woman, and went to sleep too. The coach stopped at Montmellick to change, and that roused me, and then I heard my own name called.

"M'Alister! Saunders M'Alister! are you there?"

"Sure enough I am," I said, jumping up and rubbing my eyes. "Who wants me?"

A man clambered up to the roof of the coach with a dark lantern in his hand, which he flashed full upon me and the old woman—still asleep.

"You've got your prisoner all right, then," said the man.

"What do you know about prisoners?" said I, sulkily; "and what do you mean by routing a fellow about just as he's comfortably settled?"

"Oh!" says he, loftily; "no *hairs* with me; I'm your new supervisor!"

Now I'd written just a note to our supervisor, old Blathery, a decent old fellow as ever lived: "Dear Bladder, I'm going to take a prisoner to Dublin to-night, and as I come back I'll come and see you, and we'll have a gey willie waught for auld lang syne."

"Yes," said the man, a tallow-candle-looking kind of chap, with big teeth, that made quite a shine, as you may say. "Yes, I'm your new supervisor, and I'm astonished that you should make so free with your superior officer as to write such a letter to him as that I got to-night. But I'm glad to see you've got your prisoner all right. I'm going up to Dublin too. *I've* got a prisoner, and there's nobody else to take him, so I am going myself."

"Why, where's Blathery?" said I.

"Suspended; sure to be dismissed."

"And Tompkins and Jones, the officers?"

"Suspended too."

"Gude save us!" said I; "and what's that for?"

"I can't tell ye all, but I can tell you this much: they were constantly taking prisoners to Dublin Castle, and getting paid for their coach fare and expenses, and all the while they'd be driving them up in carts they'd borrow from their friends for nothing; and there was one impident fellow made his prisoner walk, and claimed his fare just the same."

"And was it for that they suspended 'em?"

"Wasn't it enough—to be defrauding the Revenue? I'm glad to see ye've got your man safe alongside you, for, by Jingo! if I'd caught you at those tricks, I'd have been the dismission of you."

Well, I felt my heart go down into my boots. What on earth was I to do? Sure enough, the next time the old woman woke, I'd be discovered, and then what would be the end of it! I'd be dismissed in disgrace, and ruin my prospects for life; and then poor Katie Stewart, who was waiting for me up in Kirkcaldy, waiting till I'd get my next rise in my salary—oh, whatever would I do! Just catch me doing a work of mercy and charity again! "O Lord!" I said, breathing a mental prayer, "let me off this once; I'll never offend any more."

The supervisor—Chandler his name was, queer enough, seeing he was for all the world, as I have said before, just like a tallow-candle—he clambered up with his prisoner to where I was sitting, and took his place just opposite me, at the very back of the coach, you know, with his face to the horses. Just the jerk of starting the coach woke up the old woman, and she, looking about in wonder for a moment, threw her arms up and began to cry,

"Oh, sure I'm past the place entirely! Oh, sure I'm left behind! Oh, I'll never find my way back!" and she tried to jump off the coach.

I threw my arms round her and held her down; but the more I held her the more she struggled, till in the end I managed to pinion her arms, and, fairly overpowered, she became quiet at last.

Mr. Chandler was all of a shake.

"W-what's the meaning of that extraordinary scene?" he cried.

"Prisoner trying to escape," I said.

"Bless me, that was a very courageous resistance on your part. I'll make a note of that;" and Chandler pulled out a big note-book; but, between the jerking of the coach and the shaking of his hands, he couldn't write a word. However, it wasn't long before we were at Portarlington, which I was thankful to see. I was tired of hugging my old woman. What I'd do after that I didn't know. But as luck would have it, the moment the coach stopped, Chandler leaped down.

"I'll get a drop of something hot," he cried, "to stop this shivering. Look after the prisoners, M'Alister."

"Mother, ain't you thankful to me I saved your life?" I said to the old woman, unclasping my embrace. She gave me a look and a curse, and stepped off the coach. And then a bright thought came into my brain. "Come over here," I said to the prisoner opposite, who had been stolidly looking on; "you'll be warmer and more comfortable in this corner, and you'll get a bit of sleep, perhaps."

The man came over, and sat down in the corner the old woman had vacated.

"What's your name?"

"Andrew Macarthy."

"How much have they give you?" I asked of him.

"Six months."

"Now, my lad," I said, quickly, "would you rather take two months' imprisonment as a Crown debtor, living on the best of every thing, or your six months on prison fare?"

"Why, I'd take the two, av course."

"Then you've only got to change your name from Andrew to Terence. Will you do it?"

"That I will, your hanner," said the man, with a grin. I think he divined my purpose.

"Hi! hi! hi! Halloo! halloo! Stop! stop!" I began hallooing and shouting with all my might, and all the passengers and the coachman, and Chandler among the lot, came tumbling out of the inn.

"He's gone!" I cried; "your prisoner's gone!"

"Why the —— didn't you stop him?"

"How could I hold the two of them?" I roared.

Andrew, entering into the spirit of the scene, began to struggle violently, and I threw my arms about him, and held him down.

"Which way did he go?" roared Chandler.

"Down Montmellick way!"

Away went Chandler, his long legs flying out behind him, his skirts fluttering in the breeze, till he disappeared in the outer darkness. I need hardly say that the sympathy of the public was with the escaping prisoner.

"What should we wait for him for?" said the coachman, clambering up into his seat, and looking over the back of the coach; "we can't stop the coach for him."

"Go on!" shouted all the passengers.

My heart began to beat once more as the coach moved slowly on. Not till we had cleared the lights of Portarlington, not till the shouts of the mob which the news of the escape had collected had died away, did I feel perfectly secure.

It was gray dawn as we reached Dublin, and clattered along its streets to the Castle gate. Just by the gate there stood a solitary figure, a masculine figure, dressed in long tattered frieze coat and battered caubeen; he had a cudgel under his arm, and was leaning in melancholy guise against the weather-worn walls. He brightened up when he saw the coach, came forward, and recognizing me, offered to help me in my descent. It was Terence Macarthy.

"I'm ready for you, captain," he said, with a bright smile.

I was no little embarrassed by my two captives. I had only a warrant for one, for Terence, and the governor of the Castle would not take the custody of two prisoners upon that warrant. And how could I get rid of Andrew? or if I took in Andrew, how dispose of Terence? Oh, if Andrew would only run away!

"Rin, man, rin!" I whispered in Andrew's ear, as he descended from the coach.

"Would I abuse your hanner's kindness?" whispered the man, in reply.

"*Go! get out!*" I said, nudging Terence with my elbow.

"Sure your hanner's got me faster than wid chains of iron wid your hanner's tratement of me."

There was a little public-house hard by the Castle gate, and to that I led my embarrassing charge.

"Now look here, Terence and Andrew," I said, after we'd each had a cheekful of whisky; "her royal Majesty has taken your case into her gracious consideration, and she's come to the conclusion that the interest of justice will be sufficiently subserved if *one* of ye goes to prison. Now just choose between yourselves."

"*I'll* go," said Terence.

"*I will,*" said Andrew.

"The divil save you!" said Terence.

And so they went on with their aggravating language, that I'm not Irishman enough to describe to you, and from words they came to blows; Terence had his cudgel with him, Andrew broke the leg off a stool; I crept under the table to be out of the way, but the table was upset among 'em, a heavy oak table, the edge of which hit me on the nose and tapped my claret, as the saying is. The fight lasted a quarter of an hour, at the end of which Andrew was on the floor bleeding profusely.

"I've bate the soul out of him," said Terence, breathless. "A dirty little omadhaun like that to be taking the paw of me, and to be going to be staling the very prison away from me. Come along quick, yer hanner."

When we once more reached the Castle gate, there was a post-chaise standing there; and in the governor's office was my friend Mr. Chandler, the wreck of the smart supervisor I had last seen. There were great gaps in his row of shining teeth; his tall hat was knocked into the shape of a pancake; his neat frock-coat was hanging in tatters at his back.

"Oh, man!" he groaned, as I came in; "how could you leave me in the hands of those barbarians? See how I've been treated! Why, I was mobbed in that horrible place! Why did you suffer that man to drive away and leave me?"

"How could I help it?" said I. "Haven't I had desperate work to keep my own prisoner? Look at my face;" it was blood-stained certainly. "Look at my prisoner;" his head was a mass of bruises. "If I hadn't fought to the death, I'd have lost him."

"And is this the way they generally go on about here?" said Chandler.

"Pretty much about," I said.

"Then I'll never return to that horrible place, never. I'll go straight back to Somerset House and tell 'em they must send a prize-fighter to take charge of the district. I shall report very favorably of you, M'Alister, and your desperate courage."

So he did, I'm glad to say, and I got my district soon after, and a rise in salary, and married Katie Stewart. Terence and I were fast friends from that time, and when the old grandmother died I helped him to emigrate to America, where I hear he's doing very well in the public line. But I never met with such another adventure.

ONCE A COWARD.

I.

It was one evening after we had come in from shooting that she said it. I remember that. I remember also how cheerily the library window at the old Hall gleamed out to welcome us, making a ruddy stain on the wet gravel. Didn't it look cozy too, after a long tiring day spent in tramping through heavy turnip fields and stiff wet stubble! And yet there was a cozier thing than that before us soon.

My cousin Helen's face!

It beamed out on us, a lovely picture framed in the dark, heavily carved doorway, a bright glowing face set against a bright glowing background like the portrait of some mediæval saint; a glorious face always, but when, as now, bringing the full light of its moist blue eyes and flushed sweet smiles to bear on its fellow-creatures, utterly irresistible.

One of our party, Ducie of Enderbeau, did not attempt to resist it. So completely, indeed, had that gentleman fallen under my cousin's yoke that I daily expected to hear that, out of sheer gratitude for his worship, the young lady had promised to return him that "love, honor, and obedience" which we find mentioned in the Common Prayer-Book; nor would the tidings have displeased me. I don't know how it would have been if I had wished to marry Helen myself; but when a fellow has got a dear little girl of his own waiting for him he can afford to be magnanimous about his cousins.

De plus, Ducie was one of my dearest friends; one of those men who manage to carry away every heart, male and female; a sort of Saxon Apollo.

He turned into the library at once, saying something to Helen, as he passed her, which made the flush deepen pinkily in her fair cheeks; and Tom Jackson and I followed. Cis Devereux slipped up stairs to dress. He was too great a dandy to present himself to the fair sex under the disadvantages of rumpled locks and muddy leggings.

Looking at Ducie, I fancied that the said disadvantages made him rather more handsome than usual. I wonder if he knew it. The girls did, for they accepted most amiably his apologies for our intrusion in such guise (Tom Jackson said "*as* such guys!"), and declared that we might have a full half hour to toast in front of the fire before going up to dress for dinner.

I fancy it was Devereux's absence which turned the conversation on him. Jackson never could bear him, and said so, adding, like the broad, outspoken Yorkshireman he was, that the fellow had no more courage than a rabbit; "actually winced every time a gun went off near him."

One of the girls rather objected to this; but Mary Jackson took her brother's part, and gave us an amusing instance of Devereux's want of courage in some mountain adventure they had enjoyed together. She made us all laugh by the way she told it; and it was then Helen exclaimed, with a scornful curl of her pretty lip,

"I am sorry you told us. I never liked Captain Devereux, but I detest a coward."

Girls, when of impetuous dispositions, sometimes use much stronger expressions than they have any idea of. The bitter word *coward*, flung like a shot into the middle of our little group by a girl, produced a momentary silence; and I began to feel annoyed with my fair cousin for forgetting that Devereux was our guest, and to meditate giving her a private lecture.

To my unutterable surprise, Ducie saved me the trouble by taking the reins into his own hands, and bringing up the spirited offender with a jerk. He had been leaning against the mantel-piece, gazing down at her with a sort of dreamy admiration in his dark eyes; but now he straightened himself as suddenly as if the shot had struck him, and spoke in a dry, hard tone, which must have been quite new to his beautiful young hostess.

"Do you think that is a fair term to apply to the gentleman in question, Miss Curtis?"

Helen stared. She was not used to rebukes from her lovers, and instantly resented this one by as dry and hard an answer.

"After what Miss Jackson has just told us? Yes, Mr. Ducie, I do."

"Then I think you are very wrong, if you will allow me to say so."

"You do not wait to be allowed—" Helen began, haughtily; then flushed up and softened, like a regular woman, into a personal appeal. "But I could hardly make allowance even for you, Mr. Ducie, whom we know to be a brave man, if you did not hate cowardice at least as much as I do."

"I do—*hate* cowardice," he answered, with an unwonted emphasis which struck us all. "So much so, that I do not like even to hear the word applied to a man who probably does not deserve it."

"But if he does?"

"You have no proof that Captain Devereux does."

"Not Mary's story? Oh, Mr. Ducie" (getting angry again, and her blue eyes flashing impatiently), "you can not bring me to look at bad things with simple indifference. The word may be ugly, the thing is much uglier; and not even your eloquence" (very scornfully) "could make me regard a coward with any feelings but pity and contempt."

Did you ever see a picture (it was in the Academy some years ago) of Mary of Scotland turning on the rebel lords who have come to extort her signature to the deed of abdication? Do you remember the look of unutterable scorn with which she bares her white arm, bruised black with the grip of Ruthven's mailed fingers? Helen Curtis looked like the outraged queen just then, as she sat erect in her low chair, her eyebrows raised, her ripe lips curved in a beautiful scorn. Ducie, white as death, looked at her steadily, his hands clinched behind his back, but made no reply. I thought of the *Taming of the Shrew*, and wondered whether Ducie was deciding with Hortensio, "Kindness in woman, not their beauteous looks, shall win my love." Mary Jackson, whose giddy tongue had provoked the quarrel, rose uncomfortably, saying it must be time to dress, and fluttered away, Tom Jackson and his pretty wife following.

Then, to my great joy, Helen, seeing herself left alone, rose to depart likewise, and was turning to the door when Ducie stopped her.

"One word," he said, speaking with a sort of forced calmness. "Putting this nonsensical story of Miss Jackson's on one side, would you call a man a coward because his courage had failed him signally in one solitary instance?"

I bit my lip. I saw Helen was on her mettle, and, indeed, her answer proved me right.

"Decidedly I should. I judge a man's heart by what he does, not by what he says; and the more sudden the call, the more surely he acts according to his natural instincts. One greater than you or I said of his disciples, 'By their fruits ye shall know them,' and I—when I see a man do a cowardly act—I know he must be a coward at heart. You are making yourself special pleader in a very bad cause, Mr. Ducie. Pray let us drop the subject. You forget" (drawing up her head like an offended queen) "that my father died before Lucknow, and therefore it is not likely that his daughter should have any sympathy for a coward."

"I am sorry for it," he said, gravely. "I should have thought the fact carried its own punishment heavily enough without—Miss Curtis, it wants ten minutes yet to the dressing-bell. May I tax your patience for half that time while I tell you a story?"

"Certainly," she said, and sat down again with a little air of offended surprise.

I made a movement to go, observing that I always knew Ducie was an uncommonly brave fellow, but now I had a higher opinion than ever of his courage, since I saw him venture to brave so very fiery a young lady as my cousin.

She smiled and blushed a little at this, drooping her face like a lovely pink lily. He only made a gesture to stay me, and said,

"I would rather you remained, Fred. You compliment me by calling me a brave fellow. Miss Curtis paid me a similar compliment just now. I—but I will tell you my story, and then *you* shall tell me what you would call the hero, and whether you could have any kind feelings for such a person."

He spoke to me, but his eyes were on Helen; and I saw her whiten and flinch as if some one had threatened her with a blow.

Like a fool I never guessed the reason why.

"Two years ago," Ducie said, "a friend of mine and his servant were traveling in South America. The former went abroad for his health—not that he was ill when the anecdote I am going to tell you took place. You will please not make that excuse for him—he was perfectly well; and he took his servant with him because the lad was so attached to him, such a faithful, true-hearted fellow that he could not make up his mind to leave him behind. It was scorching hot weather, such heat as you may expect in a country which lies on the southern border of Brazil; and my friend used to go every morning to bathe at the Playa Ramirez, a large unsheltered bay about a mile and a half from the town. A beautiful stretch of sand it was; the best bathing-place in the neighborhood, and yet a very dangerous one; for if you went outside a certain number of yards you were liable to get entangled in one of two or three conflicting currents, which in a dead calm you could see curling about within each other like harmless sea-serpents, but which, if they caught you in their strong embrace, would assuredly carry you out into the Atlantic, unless you happened to be a strong and clever swimmer.

"Well, one morning my friend and John Barton, his servant, went to bathe as usual about seven o'clock—a late hour in those climates, Miss Curtis, where most people start at five, and where the sun is almost strong enough to roast the brains in your head by eight. As a natural consequence, they found themselves alone at the playa, having met most of the Montevideans returning. All the better. Englishmen are not fond of publicity, as you're aware.

"My friend went in first, leaving Barton to watch his clothes, lest any of the small fry from the negro hamlet of washer-women above the bay should come down and appropriate the articles; and when he had sufficiently refreshed himself and emerged on to the sands again, Barton went in for a similar enjoyment.

"It could not possibly have been five minutes later. He had barely got into his clothes when he heard a piercing shriek from the water, and turning, saw that Barton had disappeared. The next moment, however, the lad's head rose to the surface about a dozen yards from the shore, and he cried out, 'Master, help! The cramp! Help!' before going down again like a stone.

"Of course you think the master dashed in and dragged him out. It was not much to do for this faithful fellow who had served him so well, and left his home and friends rather than leave him. He did no such thing.

"He hesitated, and his limbs turned to ice, and every drop of blood in his body to water. Like a wave there rushed over him the thought that he could not swim a stroke, that he was encumbered with his clothes, that Barton was a stronger man than himself, that once in the current with a drowning man's clutch at his neck, they must both inevitably be swept out to sea and perish. It was only a moment; then the lad's head rose again. For one second his eyes caught his master's face in a look of wild, despairing appeal; and, maddened by the situation, my friend rushed—*not* into the water, but up the bank, shrieking for help to the men who drive the sand-carts along the brow of the bay.

"Before he had gone two yards—before they even heard him, Barton sank for the third time, and—all was over.

"Sheer physical fear, a spasm of unconquerable cowardice which he had never felt before in his whole life, and which, finding him utterly unprepared for it, completely overmastered the man's entire nature, had in that one miserable minute cost the life of his faithful servant, and darkened his own forever.

"There's not much more to tell you. It was just the turn of the tide. Within twenty minutes of the affair, the waves flung poor Barton's dead body within reach of the man who might have tried to save his life, and did not. The 'péons' helped him to carry it up the bank and lay it on the sand-cart, to bring it into town. I believe it was buried decently next day. They told me so; but before then I was ill, raving with a sunstroke which—"

"*You!*" The word leaped from my lips in a cry of horror. "Ducie! you don't mean that you have told us of—that *you* were that—"

He turned and looked me in the face.

"Yes, Fred, *I was that man;* I, whose 'pluck' people are so fond of praising."

There was a dead silence.

II.

I wish that I could tell you my feelings during the two minutes that followed. I do not believe any audience ever found themselves in so miserable a position. Even now when I think of it I feel the old hot, sick sensation, and see the whole picture rising before me—the old-fashioned paneled room, with the wet wind rattling at the huge diamond-paned window, and a pale watery moon glimmering between drifting masses of cloud over the ancient elm-trees in the park; the red glowing fire in its carved oaken frame; the tall, graceful figure of the man standing before it in his dark velvet shooting-jacket and muddy leathern gaiters, and with the pale shadow of irretrievable remorse on his handsome face; and the tall beautiful girl sitting with bent golden head and clasped white hands before him, with the scarlet fire-light kissing her fair round arms, and lurking in the shimmery folds of her white dress.

Can any of you tell me the length of time comprised in one minute? Sixty seconds? No, rather six hundred. It seemed double that time to me that I stood longing for Helen to speak, longing to say something myself, and yet unable to find a single word between horror at the story and pity for the man who told it. It was Ducie himself who broke that terrible silence at last. His voice had been harsh and determined before: now it sounded sad, weary, almost appealing.

"That is all. I never told any one before. I don't think I could act in the same way again; but God knows; only you see I can not hear other men condemned while I remember—" He broke off with a sort of gasp, and added, hurriedly, "I wish to Heaven I had never needed to tell you; for of course I know what you think of me now."

He looked at Helen, but she never raised her eyes; and I answered, quickly,

"I wish you had not, Ducie. There was no occasion; but I am very sorry for you—from my soul I am, old fellow."

I would have given him my hand; but though he said, "Thank you, Fred," as if he meant it, his eyes never left Helen's face. She had never moved or looked up once since he began. I feel sure now that she knew from the commencement that he was speaking of himself; but it was only when he said, "*I* was the man," that her face, which had been white to the lips, flushed scarlet, as though the threatened blow had fallen; and such a look came over it—a look of pain unutterable, of bitter shame, of unconquerable disgust; a look which but to see once in the face of the woman we love might well make the voice break and the heart sink as Ducie's did then.

It was still there when he ceased to speak, and she rose up, calm and cold as if nothing had been said which could call for comment from her; and simply observing that it must be time to prepare for dinner, left the room without a glance toward either of us.

I strode after her, meaning to call her back and ask her to say a kind word to Ducie; but she put out her hands with an imploring gesture, and, turning her face away, ran up stairs.

When I returned slowly and awkwardly to the library, Ducie also had left it by the other door. I was not sorry.

We all met at dinner as if nothing was amiss. Mary Jackson and I were, I think, rather more lively than usual, and even Tom made himself so pleasant to Cis Devereux that my dear old father said it did him good to hear such a clatter of voices. Ducie was very silent, it is true, and Helen's face was colorless as a Guernsey daisy; but she spoke and even smiled whenever appealed to; and none but myself remarked that when Ducie held the door open for the ladies after dinner, she drew the silken folds of her dress together, and passed him without a glance, as something too foul for notice. His face was whiter than hers when he sat down again.

Next day we parted. I was busy all the morning over farming accounts, and did not know Ducie was going till the dog-cart was at the door, and he came in to bid me good-by. Then I saw he was much agitated, and I urged him to stay, using Helen's name. His lips quivered, but he only said,

"I have already seen your cousin. Good-by, Fred, and thank you for all your kindness."

Five minutes later he was gone. I said nothing, but I went to look for Miss Helen, and found her moping in the library, with a face like a ghost, and red rims to her eyes.

She mumbled something about a headache. I waived the remark loftily, and taxed her with having refused my friend. She reddened like a rose, and said, haughtily, that she had done no such thing. He had not had the presumption to ask her.

"Presumption!" quoth I, "and to ask a little vixen! Ah, well, you have sent him away; and what's more, you will never see him again."

At this she paled and panted a little, then flushed up again, and answered,

"Oh yes, we shall, and quite as soon as we want him, I dare say. Oh! how can you care for him?—the cruel, dastardly— Oh—"

This made me angry, for I don't like hitting a man when he's down; and the vision of *poor*